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From Publisher—To You

WE print in this issue an article which we found worth more to us in the sudden lassitude of the "Dog Days" than all the political arguments with which the air has been rent these many months. We don't mean Mr. Stefansson's able paper on the Arctic disaster—although the combination of experience and common sense in his piece (added to pictures of real ice and lots of it) seemed excellent to us. We mean Mr. Wainwright Evans's article on his hobby: keeping bees.

SO far as personal happiness is concerned, we are willing to wager, after reading it, that one real hobby like this is of more value to a man than all the legislation proposed in the last ten years. Here is life, wonder, excitement, the pride of achievement, and an added interest in existence. How many of us are able to scoff at such valuable things?

A MAN we know recently took up piano-playing as a hobby, although he is far past the age when professional achievement can be expected. Another spends his off days—and some of his nights—observing and photographing insect and reptile life in Connecticut; while still another friend, a woman this time, has recently gone in for amateur painting, and is off to Spain during her vacation for a short summer of study and work.

NOT all of us can go to Spain, of course. Neither can many of us collect pictures, or buy Wayside Inns or scour the countryside for fine old furniture to sandpaper and finish on the back porch. We lack the money or the time. But there are literally hundreds of hobbies which are inexpensive and yet satisfy our imaginations and provide new and wonderful windows opening on landscapes never before suspected.

SEVERAL writers have recently told us about their pet amateur diversions, and in the near future we expect to print a number of articles describing them. Meanwhile, can the readers of The Outlook add to the sum total of gayety by telling us about theirs? We don't mean golf. We mean making chairs or constructing amateur telescopes—yes, we have a piece about that—or, well, what is yours?

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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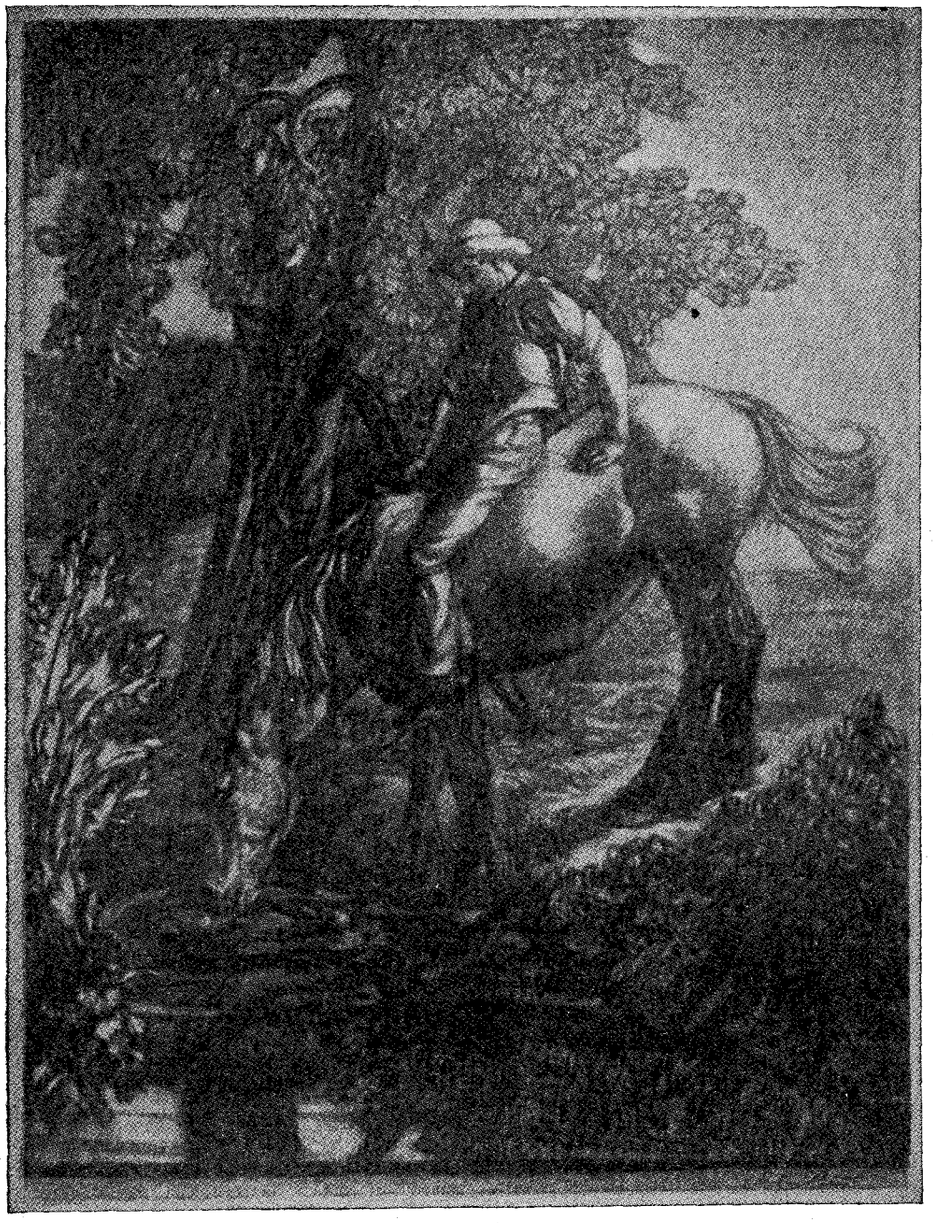

THE DAY'S THIRST

Mezzotint by R. C. Peter, R.E.

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The Outlook

August 1, 1928

The World This Week

In Mexico

ALVARO OBREGON was the uncontested candidate in the campaign just ended in Mexico for election as President. One man with a gun defeated him.

While the President-elect was sitting at a luncheon in his honor at a fashionable restaurant in San Angel, on July 17, an unknown cartoonist at one of the tables was amusing the guests around him with caricatures of the prominent men there. Later, hat and sketch-book in hand, he approached the head table. Explaining himself to Aaron Saenz, Governor of Nueva Leon, seated with Obregon, he asked leave to show his drawings to the guest of honor and to draw his portrait. Obregon turned to the artist—and with a gun hidden in the hat by the sketch-book the man shot him. Before any one could interfere, Obregon collapsed, face forward, on the table with five bullets in his breast. He died shortly afterward, in the famous gray automobile in which last November he escaped a bomb attempt on his life.

His death threw political affairs in Mexico into the utmost confusion. President Calles is ineligible, according to the Constitution, to election for another consecutive term. Saenz, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs and a follower of Obregon, is also debarred as Governor of a State. Many expedients to meet the emergency have been discussed. Among them, the one most likely of adoption has appeared to be that the new Congress, meeting either in special session in August or in regular session in September, would appoint Calles—if he agrees—as Provisional President for two years more. There is no Vice-President to take office; and Mexican jurists have contended that the rule in the Constitution against two successive terms does not prohibit the appointment of a Chief Executive as Provisional President to carry on affairs in such a crisis.

Motives and Suspects

OBREGON'S assassin, who gave the false name of "Juan Escapulario," was found to be José de Leon Toral. He was reported to have been a close friend of a priest who was one of four men executed by the police in connection with the bomb attempt of last November on Obregon's life. Further, he was said to have admitted a religious motive in his act; and the Government and police authorities claimed to have further evidence implicating the clerical party in the crime. They announced that the murderer would be placed on public trial.

At the same time, prominent adherents of Obregon laid the blame at the door of Luis Morones, Secretary of Commerce and Labor and chief of the radical Mexican Labor Party.

Obregon had been guaranteed a great reinforcement of his powers as Chief Executive. In addition to a constitutional amendment putting the appointment of judges in his hands, the States had ratified two other important changes in the basic law. One of them cut down the number of Deputies in Congress from 300 to 150—obviously an easier number to manage. The other established Federal commissions, to be named by the President, in place of elected mayors and boards of aldermen in Mexico City and other municipalities in the Federal District around the capital. This was a blow at the power of Morones, whose party was able to control these administrations. He has since resigned the post of Minister of Industry in the Calles Cabinet. Morones had been almost an autonomous authority by reason of his own influence, and his policies had been responsible for much of the trouble between the Mexican Government and foreign interests in Mexico.

Campaign Ammunition

MODESTY is not going to be a characteristic of political money-raisers this summer and next fall. No limit has been placed by either of the two great parties on the size of its campaign fund or the amount of any one individual subscription. It looks very much as if this Presidential campaign were going to cost more than any in the past. Consequently, talk about limiting the amount any contributor can give to either party fund and about keeping down the size of the party funds themselves has subsided. With the appointment of Mr. Raskob, of General Motors, as Democratic money-raiser, the Democratic treasury promises to be well supplied, and the Republican treasury will surely not be under the management of laggards.

Instead of talk about campaign economy, statements now appear explaining why this campaign is to be comparatively expensive. More States this year than usual are fighting-ground. Radio has come in as a new source of expense for campaigners. There seems to be more need than ever to reach the voters by the printed word. The electorate has been enlarged by woman suffrage, and with it the cost of sending circulars, forming organizations, and so on. For thirty years or more Republican funds have been larger than Democratic; now it appears possible that the Democratic fund may approach, if not exceed, the Republican fund. For the Presidential campaign alone it is estimated that at

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least $8,000,000 will be expended. Compared with the population, this is not large. It means less than seven cents per person.

This figure does not take into account the money that will be spent by the Anti-Saloon League, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, and allied organizations. A conservative estimate places the total at $10,000,000.

The safeguard against corrupt contributions and expenditures is not to be any limitation on size, but rather publicity. Both parties will make reports during the campaign, and there will be two committees of Congress—one of the Senate, the other of the House—on watch.

Mr. Hoover's Trip West

AN obviously tired man when he left Washington, Herbert Hoover was much refreshed by his visit at the "Summer White House" at Brule, Wisconsin, with President Coolidge. He had been busy finishing what remained to be done before he left the Department of Commerce, which he had transformed by his seven years as Secretary. The severance of personal ties there was not easy for him. With the President he fished a stream he had fished years before, though not in that exclusive part of it. He received, it is said, the President's approval of the draft of his speech of acceptance, to be delivered on August 11. Then he went on to his home in California.

With him was Mrs. Hoover. The death of her father, Charles D. Henry, before their arrival changed the plans for an official welcome. Instead there were services in the chapel of Stanford University, when the body of Mr. Henry was laid to rest.

On the way to California Mr. Hoover was met by various politicians of the States through which he passed and, of course, received assurances of success—at least such were the reports for publication. At the same time a farmers' meeting was passing resolutions favoring the Democratic platform as the better promise for agriculture. Most of the more prominent Republican leaders of the so-called "Farm Revolt," however, appear to be content with what they expect from Mr. Hoover. Among those on the Hoover band-wagon is the "Progressive Republican" Senator of Iowa, Brookhart.

Meantime, to succeed Dr. Work (now Mr. Hoover's campaign manager) as Secretary of the Interior President Coolidge has appointed Roy O. West, of Illinois. Known to President Coolidge through his activities as Secretary of the Republican National Committee during the Coolidge campaign of 1924, as well as during the succeeding four years, Mr. West reaches his new post through what is known as a "personal appointment." Mr. West is a graduate of De Pauw University and is a lawyer of Chicago. At the beginning of last week it was not yet known who would be Mr. Hoover's successor as Secretary of Commerce.

Smith's Next Move

THERE is an obscure plank in the Democratic platform which promises shortly to be neither obscure nor unimportant. It is the plank committing the party to reorganization of Government departments and to elimination of duplication, waste, and overlapping.

This pledge, it is said, was inserted at Governor Smith's request. Now word comes out of Albany that it will figure prominently in his speech of acceptance and, in fact, throughout his campaign. The promise is supported by the nature of Smith's recent conferences, notably with Representative Joseph W. Burns, ranking Democratic member of the House Committee on Appropriations.

What the candidate proposes to do, it seems apparent, is to apply to National administration the simplified practice which he has been instrumental in putting into effect in his State; that is, he will simply be carrying on his old campaign for consolidation of bureaus, elimination of divided authority and overlapping functions.

It will be a bold move to suggest that Coolidge economy might be more economical; but no bolder than the declaration for modification of the Volstead Act, no more audacious than the selection of a wet, a Catholic, and a big business man as Democratic National Chairman.

A Bishop's "Politics"

THE editor of "The Journal," Atlanta, Georgia, newspaper, published a letter which newspapers in other sections were glad to print as news. It was a communication from Bishop Warren A. Candler, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. With citations of precedent, he defined his attitude, and what he believed should be the attitude of his denomination, to National politics.

"I see no reason," he wrote, "to dissent from the position of my Church on the subject of personal and party politics, as that position has been proclaimed authoritatively by its leaders from the beginning of its history as a Christian body."

He quoted from a pastoral address of Southern bishops in the troubled days of 1865:

"'Know your high calling. Preach Christ and him crucified. Do not preach politics. You have no commission to preach politics. The divinity of the Church is never more strikingly displayed than when it holds on its ever-straightforward way in the midst of worldly commotions.'"

He quoted Bishop Enoch M. Marvin, who said in an article dealing with the duty and the destiny of the Church:

"'She will excite the suspicion and hatred of none by allying herself with an adverse party upon issues that arouse the passions of the hour, but lie outside of her proper sphere. . . . She will abjure both the riches and the power which might reward a lewd and bewitching coquetry with some successful party in the State. She will be known, and loved, and hated as the chaste spouse of Christ. . . . This is the destiny of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a destiny that she cannot alienate.'"

He cited the pastoral message of the bishops at the General Conference in 1894.

"It is not amiss to repeat what has often been declared—that our Church is strictly a religious and in no wise a political body. Our sole business is to preach and serve the kingdom of God.

"'There are many questions, economical, social, and in part ethical, of burning interest in this day, which our pulpit and churches may be tempted to substitute for the simple Gospel. Men claiming to be advanced thinkers and wide-awake philanthropists may sneer at us as unpractical dreamers and devotees of shadows and abstractions, because we give ourselves wholly to things spiritual and eternal. But Christ is the rock, and only those who build on him build safely.'"

"From this established and Scriptural position of my Church," said Bishop Candler, "I feel no disposition to dissent or depart. . . . Offering no criticism of others, I propose to abide unfalteringly by this principle, discharging conscientiously my duties as a citizen and fulfilling with fidelity my commission as a minister of Jesus Christ. On that I stand. I cannot do otherwise."

This was published on the eve of the anti-Smith gathering at Asheville, North Carolina, fostered by Bishop James Can-

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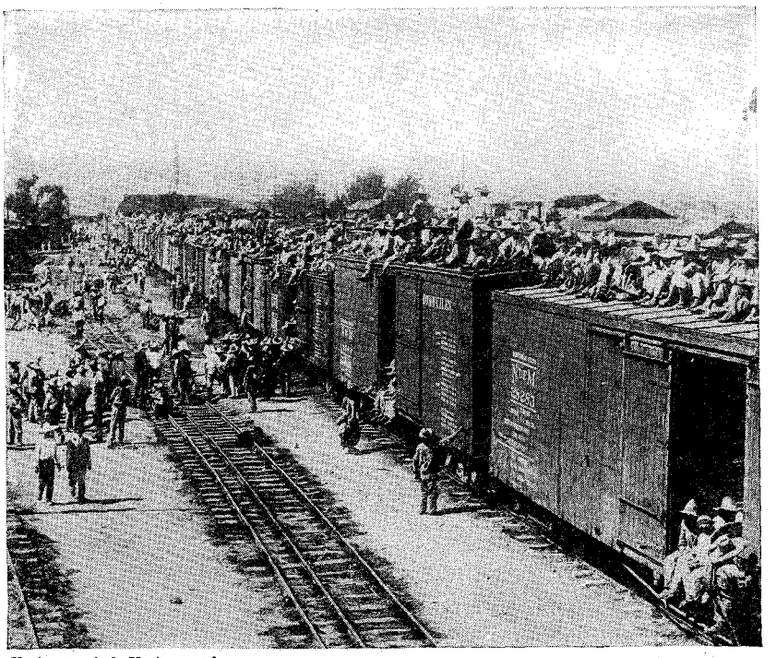

Underwood & Underwood

BEFORE GENERAL OBREGON'S ASSASSINATION

Thousands of Mexican peasants arriving in freight cars to witness General Obregon's triumphant entry after his election as President

non, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and on the same day that the Baptist ministers of Louisville decided to support Hoover.

The Slater Case

IT sounds incredible that it should be possible in Great Britain for a prisoner to be convicted of murder, sentenced to death, reprieved, imprisoned for eighteen years, and then declared by five judges unanimously to have been completely innocent of the crime. Yet this is the case of Oscar Slater, just reversed on appeal at Edinburgh; and he is to be paid compensation to the extent of $100,000.

For years there has been great doubt of Slater's guilt. An old lady of Glasgow, called Miss Gilchrist, with a taste for jewels, kept one maid, called Helen Lambie. In order to buy an evening paper, Lambie leaves the old lady in her flat, behind two locked doors. After a quarter of an hour, Lambie returns, finds the doors still locked, but the old lady inside has been brutally murdered by blows on the head. A man walks out of the flat past Lambie, who makes no attempt to stop him. The inference is obvious. Either Lambie had left the man in the flat, alone with Miss Gilchrist, or Miss Gilchrist must have let the man into the flat. In either event, the man must have been known to one or both of the women. The fact that he searched Miss Gilchrist's room for papers and left her jewels untouched suggests that he was interested in her new will. There were relatives so interested.

A man, Oscar Slater, is found pawning a brooch and about to sail for the United States. Although it is proved at once that the brooch had been in his possession for months and that for many weeks he had been preparing, without concealment of the fact, to sail to New York, he is arrested on landing and extradited. His counsel, Hugh Gordon Miller, in New York urged him to appeal. Slater replied that he preferred to trust his reputation to British justice and went to Scotland, in effect, of his own free will. He was an entire stranger to Miss Gilchrist and Lambie. He had no interest in Miss Gilchrist's papers. He had no keys or other means of entering Miss Gilchrist's flat. And he had an almost water-tight alibi. Yet, on grounds of alleged immoral character, he was brought in guilty of the murder, after a prosecuting speech and a summing up by the judge only to be described as railroading. The prisoner's life was only saved by a widely signed petition, and, in due course, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with others, took up the case.

Some years ago a police officer disclosed the fact that, according to his inquiries, Lambie had been to a neighbor immediately after the murder and named the murderer. Asked to give evidence on the appeal, Lambie, now resident in the United States, refused to cross the Atlantic, and it was stated that there were no means of compelling her to do so. The police officer who thus gave information was disgraced, and died of it. His record had been excellent. Last year Parliament, moved by this case alone, set up a Court of Criminal Appeal in Scotland, with retrospective powers. Slater's counsel in New York, Mr. Miller and Mr. Goodheart, of Baltimore, attended this court at their own expense, and evidence was given by others of the utterly unsatisfactory identification of the prisoner on this side.

Rum Row and Finger Prints

THE destruction of Rum Row off the Atlantic coast is confidently announced by Dr. James H. Doran, Commissioner of Prohibition. A vigilant Coast Guard is given credit for the victory.

Dr. Doran supports his claim with some statistics. In 1927, he says, more than 14,000,000 gallons of liquor were shipped from foreign ports, presumably destined for these here and there dry States. During the present fiscal year the quantity so shipped dropped to about 5,000,000 gallons.

Further, he declares the intention of the Treasury Department to regulate the supply as well as the demand for industrial alcohol; this for the purpose of drying up the leaks to that branch of the bootlegging industry which "cooks" out the impurities, adds water and flavoring, and labels the result "Gordon Gin," "Johnny Walker"—or name your brand.

This will be brought about, it is proposed, by basing production for 1929 on the amount used for legitimate industrial purposes during the past fiscal year. The total for next year, therefore, will be about 185,000,000 gallons.

"There is now a good balance between supply and demand and no surplus of industrial alcohol to contend with," Dr. Doran says. "This means that there is virtually no alcohol left over for the illegitimate trade, that the consumers of this commodity have an adequate supply, and that the manufacturers are able to produce at a satisfactory profit."

All this is, or should be, encouraging to the advocates of a bone-dry America; somehow, we are reminded of the late Bert Savoy and his: "You don't know the half of it, dearie, you don't know the half of it."

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Rum Row is a ghost that has been laid for, lo! these many moons. The anchored fleet, with loaded decks and prices chalked on the hulls, is history. The rum-runners increase their wiles as the Coast Guard increase their vigilance. Rum ships head straight to port these days. Some are caught, but still they come.

Dr. Doran does not mention the liquor smuggled from Canada and Mexico; nor does he acknowledge the great increase in this country in the manufacture of synthetic whiskies and other liquors. The order regulating the production of industrial alcohol is, of course, aimed at the latter industry and may, conceivably, cripple it; but rum-ring exposés have shown that permits issued to "legitimate consumers" often turn up in illegitimate quarters; so much so that bona-fide users have complained of their inability to obtain an adequate supply.

Additional news from prohibition headquarters calls for the finger-printing of all violators, provided they are caught, and for the wearing of blue caps and Federal shields by dry agents patrolling public roads. The finger-print order, previously in force in cases of felony, is now extended to include misdemeanors. The aim is to enable prosecutors to visit heavier punishment on offenders whose finger prints show that they have criminal records.

The uniform order is intended to check the unwarranted shooting of innocent motorists, hitherto unable to distinguish between revenue officers and road agents.

Turn About

Noblesse oblige, apparently, is the latest form of golfing manners. It was not so long ago that Johnny Farrell took the National Open crown from Tommy Armour; in the Metropolitan Open it was Armour's turn to take the champion into camp. The type of play was sufficient indication that there was no collusion about it, since Armour's performance at Shackamaxon in tying Macdonald Smith's record of 278, made in 1924, was a flawless exhibition. So much for the figures. Armour's personality is a colorful one. One is soon engrossed in the crispness of his faultless irons, and it is a long time before one realizes that the apparently methodical Scot is really taking long chances. A cheerful personality, but sometimes a grim one, as becomes the man with a great record in the tank corps of Lord Byng of Vimy Ridge. There was a time when Tommy was just a bit careless. He has outgrown

From the North-China Herald, Shanghai

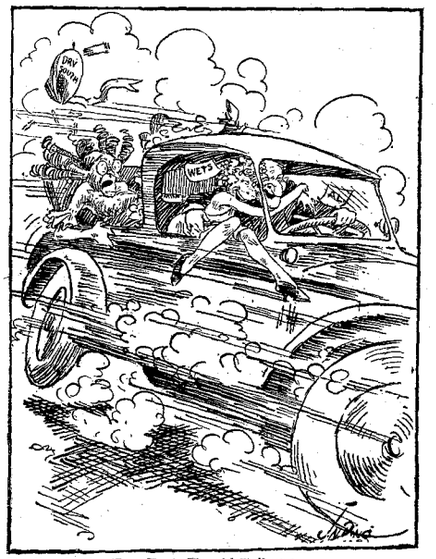
No smoke barrage desired

that, however. There was an excellent gallery on hand, for with two such stylists in action there was a chance for the average golfer to pick up points. There is practically nothing to choose just now between Farrell and Armour, and Walter Hagen will have to bestir himself to keep up with the pace they are hitting.

Television Comes Along

The television "toy" of the scientist has just graduated into the practical class; it has at last got out of doors. Heretofore the best that television could show was the mere head and shoulders of some speaking, grinning person sitting under artificial illumination and always, of course, indoors. Obviously, television could never amount to much until it enabled us to see at a distance just such things as we would all ask to see—Al Smith making a campaign speech, for example; or Tunney battering Dempsey in the prize ring; a horse race; a track meet; the President playing a trout.

At the vast laboratories of the Bell



Darling in the New York Herald Tribune
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There are sounds of grumbling from the rumble seat

Telephone System in New York Dr. Herbert Ives and Dr. Frank Gray have been busy many months perfecting the apparatus which enabled two men playing tennis the other day on the roof to be watched in a darkened room several stories below, on a screen about the size of a playing-card. Every move was clearly visible, the performance differing in practically no essential except area of the screen from that of a moving-picture show, and the performance might almost as easily have taken place across a continent.

The essence of the new advance is this: Heretofore the photoelectric cell, whose peculiar function it is to cause an electric current to flow when light strikes it, and which is the very heart of the television apparatus, was not sensitive enough to react strongly to ordinary daylight; an intense beam of concentrated arc light had therefore to be thrown on the person whose motions were to be transmitted, or "televised." What Drs. Ives and Gray have done is to make a much more sensitive transformer of light into electricity. A few more advances like this, and we may all go to the movies to see real people act, instead of "canned" or photographic representations of them.

Man the Exterminator

The heath-hen has gone the way of the carrier pigeon. In 1920 there were 600 heath-hens on earth. A year or two ago bird lovers broadcast final appeals to save these interesting birds, which were then confined in range to the island of Martha's Vineyard, off the Massachusetts coast, and in numbers reduced to a mere shrinking handful. Now we are told that it is too late, for there are only three heath-hens on the island, and these are all males.

It took the heath-hen millions of years to evolve, and it has taken man just four hundred years to cut off its career. From the point of view of man, this has no particular significance, except that it demonstrates that intellect triumphs over lack of intellect; but there may be a detached Omniscience which sees no particular virtue in what we call intellect and regards human civilization as a rather peculiar, rather pathological development if not a perversion of one of the animals. This is supposed to be the "Age of Mammals," a term which, while true, conceals a larger truth; for the age of mammals culminated millions of years ago in the Miocene epoch of the geologist, and one of the remaining mammals is now clipping off the career of the rest

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with startling rapidity, when periods of millions of years are involved in the purview.

What this age is, when numbers and variety form the criterion, is the age of insects. Insects exhibit nothing like intellect; that which guides bees and ants, for example, being something quite different in kind. It is not at all inconceivable that man, who exterminates carrier pigeons, dodoes, heath-hens, and his fellow-mammals, will be only a fossil memory a million years hence, when bees and ants are obeying instinctively the same blind forces which guide them now.

A University City

THE gift of $2,000,000 and the promise of liberal annuities for three years by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to the University City in Paris calls attention to the remarkable growth of this unique and socially delightful plan. Already several nations, including the United States, have erected or are erecting houses in which their nationals may be lodged. Mr. Rockefeller's gift is to provide a central meeting-place or "international house," a sort of "commons" for the students of all nations. The countries already represented by "national houses" include England, Poland, Belgium, Brazil, Holland, Czechoslovakia, and others.

For centuries there have been rough-and-ready organizations of foreign students in Paris, and the interrelations of the separate groups have not been by any means always amicable. A writer in the New York "Times" shows that rivalries and antipathies "engendered a thousand quarrels." A choice collection of epithets, such as "drunkards," "brutal and stupid," "charlatans and boasters," "bloody and effeminate," are on record as having been bandied about by the "nationals" of mediæval days. Now the group idea is not one of race rivalry and lively street fighting, but of amity, mutual comfort, and common effort in learning and art.

Another Illusion Goes

FEW people are aware of the fact that the camel evolved, as did the horse, in the New World, and is only an invader of the Old World—though, singularly enough, after spreading to the Old World both animals became extinct in the New. Science has long held that these animals and many others which we would find difficulty in framing congruously within a New World picture have been off the American stage a long time—say something in the neighborhood of half a million years. New evidence to the contrary has just come to light in the form of a camel's skull to which there was attached a bit of dried and unfossilized muscle, found in Fillmore, Utah, by two high school boys and studied by Professor Alfred S. Romer, of the University of Chicago. Obviously, this camel, which is seen to be a form found in the porous tar pools of La Brea, near Hollywood, California, and known to science as camelops, is only a matter of centuries in age rather than hundreds of thousands of years, else it would have been fossilized or destroyed.

Thus far the account contains little of interest except to the paleontologist, but there is a connotation which bears directly on man. It has frequently happened within recent years that various discoveries of human evidences in America have been dated back into high antiquity solely on the basis of the animal remains found in the earth in company with them, these animals being assumed to have become extinct hundreds of thousands of years ago. This kind of evidence will now no longer have much weight in dating the antiquity of man in America. The fact slowly emerges that the New World lost much of its animal population not long before the white man reached it, and there is some evidence that the earlier Indians were as familiar with the elephant known as the mammoth as the mysterious Cro-Magnon race in Europe.

Enright in the New York World

Touching up the bugaboos

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune
Copyright, 1928, New York Tribune, Inc.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"

Three Mummies

THE discovery of three mummies in caves in the Aleutian Islands, made recently by the Stoll-McCracken Expedition, is likely to furnish the first tangible evidence of the early migration of the ancestral American Indian stock from the Old World to the New.

For the larger part of a century anthropologists have believed that the Indians came here by way of Bering Straits or else across the stepping-stones of the long Aleutian chain, and that they came not long ago as dates in anthropology are reckoned nowadays—probably less than ten thousand years ago. Even ten thousand years has been considered an extreme outside date, although there is a militant minority of anthropologists who are now willing to entertain the possibility of a vastly greater antiquity of man in America. The evidence that the American Indian —"Amerind" is the less ambiguous term used by anthropologists, since the real Indian lives in India—is of Asiatic origin is strong, but has to be inferred from his appearance and physical measurements. Most ethnologists believe he is mainly Mongoloid, with a strain of Nordic Caucasian blood. The date of his arrival here is based essentially upon negative evidence; we know when the glaciers receded, and we are unable to establish beyond question a single human relic as pre-glacial.

What science has wanted in this rather "theoretical" situation is tangible evidence—transition skeletons and artifacts capable of being dated definitely by the geological evidence surrounding them. The situation has a parallel in organic evolution where the comparative anatomist can demonstrate with high probability by a careful study of fossils the relationship of the various classes of living animals; but where, after all, there is no evidence quite as convincing, especially to the non-scientist, as the actual, tangible fossils which furnish uncontro-

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vertible proof of the chain of evolution. In the case of the Aleutian mummies these statements may help explain why anthropologists are so eager to hear further details about three dried-up human bodies and why they are regarded so seriously.

Railroads in a New Rôle

DURING the last eight years the railroads have lost in the neighborhood of $40,000,000 carrying merchandise for the American Railway Express Company, which was authorized, under the Transportation Act of 1920, to carry on the business that the various express companies surrendered to the Government in 1918. In the same period the express company earned a very fair return on its capital. It was not surprising, therefore, that the railroads should have announced a few days ago that they would conduct the express business themselves after the end of February, when their contracts with the American Railway Express Company expire.

The railroads are absorbing an immense organization, with annual gross receipts of $300,000,000, 16,000 offices, and 100,000 employees, and entering an entirely new field. But their steadily increasing efficiency makes it more than possible that they, and the public as well, will profit by the new arrangement.

As yet the railroads have not established chain stores nor entered the automobile manufacturing business, but their activities are constantly expanding. They furnish, or soon will furnish, transportation for passengers and merchandise by air, water, trucks, and busses as well as by rail, manage restaurants, and fulfill many of the functions of banks and investment trusts. Despite the great widening of their operations, however, the chances of their becoming dangerously powerful seem more than remote. At the present time, certainly, Government supervision is nowhere as rigorous as it is over the railroads.

Shall "Port" Be Left?

THE International Shipping Conference, meeting in London, says the New York "Herald Tribune," has approved the recommendation to substitute the words "left" and "right" for the nautical terms "port" and "starboard." The New York "Herald Tribune" condemns the change because it is unromantic. The Chicago "Tribune" approves the change because it is in favor of making it easier for landsmen to feel at home on the sea.

Neither journal, however, seems to understand the chief reason why real seamen prefer to use the terms and phrases which are peculiar to their calling.

Nautical words and phrases, like those which belong to any other science or art, are in most instances shorter and more exact than any terms into which they can be translated. Seamen have shown a readiness to accept the use of degrees instead of the old points of the compass, because that change represents an improvement in the direction of exactness. They will be slow, we think, to adopt the use of "right" and "left," because these are terms which are associated with the relative position of the speaker and not with specific portions of a ship. When a seaman says, "The light bears two points off the starboard bow," there is no doubt where one should look for it. If he says, "The light is two points to the left," the position of the speaker might result in at least momentary confusion.

With the growth in luxury on our transatlantic liners and our larger yachts, and with the invasion of the sea by an auto-trained generation, too many of the old and exact nautical phrases are going by the board. The loss does not fall wholly upon the spirit of romance. It is a loss, too, in safety and convenience for those who know the things of the sea by their right and historic names. We hope that real sea-dogs will continue to walk the decks rather than climb over the roofs of the ships they put to sea in.

Honor to Alabama

THE OUTLOOK lately reported with warm approval the abolition, under the persistent urgency of Governor Graves, of Alabama's convict lease system. The plan of hiring out convicts in gangs to be worked in mines was a peculiarly vicious and inhuman practice.

Now we have a gratifying expression of approval from the Southern newspapers, and especially from those of Alabama. Thus the Birmingham "Age-Herald" remarks: "It required a long time for the conscience of the State to be aroused, but the awakening finally came." A general press despatch from Birmingham says: "This will be the first opportunity they have had in years to work in the sunshine and outer air. . . . In 1925, Robert Knox, a white convict, had been assigned to the Flat Top mine, a privately owned industry near Birmingham. One day he refused to work, and, according to the State's charge, he was dipped into a vat of boiling water as punishment. . . . As a result of the murder case determined workers began a campaign to end the system."

Another Alabama press comment congratulates the South that the infamous system of renting out prisoners to money-makers no longer exists in any Southern State. "Barbarous in practice and wrong in principle," says the Savannah "News."

The Norfolk "Virginian-Pilot" puts its finger on the reason both for the badness of the principle and the abominable evils in practice when it says that the objection to the system (apart from greed) was that its one motive was retaliation for the offense.

Convict gangs will still be seen at work in Alabama, but it will be on the public roads under State wardens, with segregation of boys from hardened men, and men from women. That is a great step forward.

Synthetic Sugar

THE synthesis of sucrose, that one of the several "sugars"—glucose, dextrose, etc. —of the chemist which is generally meant by the rest of us when we say sugar, is the culminating success of a long series of experiments recently performed by two Swiss chemists, Professors Pictet and Vogel. Just how important this is going to be remains to be seen. It does not mean that we are likely to be sweetening our coffee cup with synthetic sucrose this year or next, for the laboratory process discovered by the two scientists gives no evidence as yet of proving to be a paying thing. Yet there are plenty of examples of things which did not pay at first which were made to pay splendidly afterwards; aluminum, for example. Nature and machinery produce sugar very cheaply, hence the chemists are up against a difficult problem in economics in addition to chemistry. The product obtained in the laboratory is crystalline and very sweet, possessing the physical qualities of cane sugar.

How the synthesis was brought about is describable only in the language of the organic chemist, far too abstruse for us other mortals. In making sugar in the leaves of plants nature is extremely inefficient, converting but a ridiculously small fraction of the energy of the sunlight that falls upon the leaves into useful results. Yet so prodigal is she of her sunlight that man must seek far more efficient means of doing the same thing before he can compete with her.

At the present time the materials for synthetic sugar making are about as

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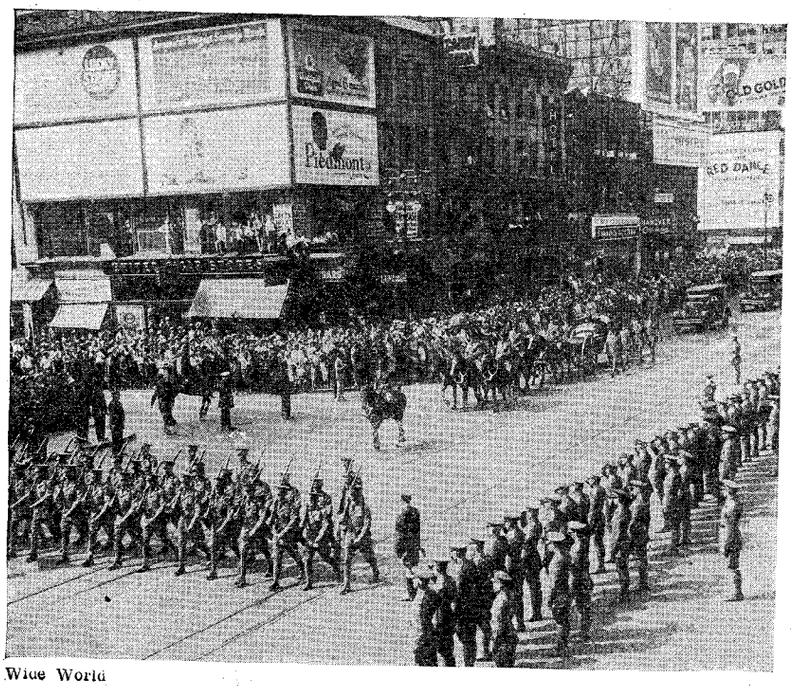

Wide World

A TRIBUTE TO ANOTHER NATION'S HERO

The funeral cortège of General Emilio Carranza arriving at the Pennsylvania Station in New York City

costly as the end product. Yet the chemists strive on and give promise of getting there. Chemists have an upsetting habit of accomplishing things the rest of us call impossible.

Ellen Terry

ELLEN TERRY died on July 21, in the little Kentish farmhouse where she had lived since her retiral from the stage. Not only was she vivacious in her art, but not long before her death she wrote a gentle bit of verse beginning, "No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone," with her added hope that this, her wish, might be observed.

Versatile as was her talent, Miss Terry was most of all a comedian in the best sense of that now vulgarized word. True, she played Ophelia with deep feeling, and it is reckoned one of her greatest successes. But Lady Macbeth was not in her vein. Probably a consensus of American play-goers would agree on Portia and Beatrice as her finest Shakespearean parts, and on Olivia (in the idyllic play wrought from "The Vicar of Wakefield") as coming close to them.

Some commentators seem to assume that Ellen Terry owed her success to her association with Sir Henry Irving. It was really a happy combination of two geniuses of the stage. Long before that period Miss Terry had gained her laurels in the rôles of Lady Teazle, Olivia, Portia, Pauline (in "The Lady of Lyons"), and Mistress Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Fifty years before the memorable Jubilee of 1906 was staged in her honor a little girl of eight years toddled in a baby part onto the stage of Charles Kean's theatre. Thus this actress did exactly span a half-century of English drama; and with her death, as St. John Ervine has pointed out, "the last of four great European actresses has taken her call and left the stage. Rejane went and Duse went, and Bernhardt, and now Ellen Terry has gone. An era has been closed."

A Body Is Found

OFF Griz Nez, where the Channel swimmers take the water, the crew of the fishing smack Saint Theresa of the Infant Jesus, sighted a body. They took it aboard, wrapped it in tarpaulin, delivered it on the Quai de la Couronne, in Boulogne.

Morgue officials scanned the inscription on an identification disk and announced that the fishermen had solved the mystery of the disappearance of "Captain Alfred Loewenstein, 315 Rue de la Science, Brussels."

"We don't read the newspapers," said the skipper. "Who is Captain Loewenstein?"

The body was battered, nearly naked; but subsequent examination by relatives seems to establish it as the corpse of the Belgian financier. The boots bore the mark of his London bootmaker, his dentist said the teeth were Loewenstein's teeth. Fragments of clothing built up the identification of the man who dropped from his plane four thousand feet above the English Channel.

Still, rumors will not down. Human nature likes a mystery with a bit of speculation clinging to it. Did he jump deliberately, fall accidentally, or was he the victim of foul play? Is he really dead? Did he not elope with a pretty Jugoslav girl? Did he not purposely disappear, following his conversion to Catholicism, to enter a monastery?

Captain Loewenstein seems eligible for the company of Lord Kitchener, Oscar Wilde, the Dauphin of France, Archduke Otto of Austria.

His executors will welcome identification. An unsolved mystery would have tied up indefinitely his great holdings.

Unburying a Buried City

IT was announced a few months ago that Mussolini, who always is interested in classic Rome, imitated in some of its outward forms by Fascism, proposed to uncover Herculaneum. Skepticism was expressed by those who remembered the explorations made in the eighteenth century and later. The results were not negligible—parts of a forum, a theater, two temples, a few houses with works of art intact—but the task was terribly laborious and difficult.

What the present plan contemplates is vast indeed, but recent despatches give proof that it is being pushed with vigor and lavish expenditure. Unlike Pompeii, Herculaneum was not burned; it was buried (in 79 A.D.) in ashes, in places to a depth of 130 feet. The city was much larger and older than Pompeii, and the possibilities of discoveries are entrancing to scholars and art lovers alike.

Two modern villages grew over the buried city. One of them, Resina, is to be torn down at once and its people furnished with homes elsewhere. Resina, it is said, stood directly over the city's Main Street—a fair translation of Decumanus Major. The point has been reached where the world will soon know what lies under Resina. Already there has been discovered one public edifice of importance, with many marble statues, bronze ornaments, and beautiful porticos around what was a garden or park.

If Herculaneum can be laid bare to the open sky as a complete ancient city, it will stand unique among our relics of Roman life in the time of Vespasian.

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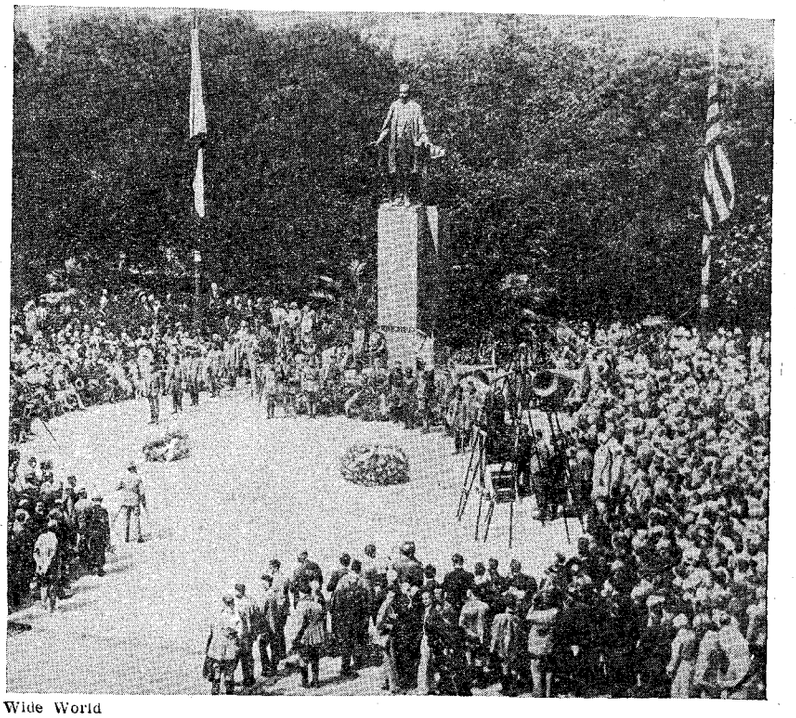
Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

AN old quarrel in South America may be brought to its end through the revival of diplomatic relations between Chile and Peru. For forty-five years they have been at odds over the border provinces of Tacna and Arica, which Chile annexed at the end of the "War of the Pacific," and for fifteen years they have been technically enemies, with no relations between their Governments. Various endeavors have been made to bring them to a reconciliation—the latest by the United States in the attempted plebiscite under a commission headed by General Pershing.

After that fiasco, Secretary Kellogg proposed a solution by ceding the contested region to the landlocked state of Bolivia, for compensation, in order to allow her access to the sea. Bolivia had long desired such a settlement; Chile accepted the plan "in principle," but Peru rejected it.

Now Secretary Kellogg is seeking a way out of the deadlock by the different method of first inducing the two disputants to renew formal relations. He started negotiations to this end at the Pan-American Conference in Havana; and now both nations have agreed. How soon they may exchange envoys remains undecided, but when they do, it is taken for granted that the Tacna-Arica controversy will at once come up for consideration anew. A Mixed Boundary Commission, headed by Jay J. Morrow, of the United States, is at present investigating the situation; and its report is expected to outline a plan that both sides can accept. Peru is reported now to be ready for a settlement along the lines indicated by Secretary Kellogg's proposals; in any event, President Leguia has declared his desire for an agreement that will clear away this long-standing bar to good feeling and to growth of industry and trade on the west coast of South America.



Wide World

CZECHOSLOVAKIA HONORS WILSON

A view of the ceremonies during the unveiling of the monument to the late President Wilson in Prague, opposite the Wilson Station, named after the American statesman

VOLPI, the Italian Minister of Finance, who negotiated the war debt agreement with the United States and put the financial policy of the Fascist Government on a sound basis, has resigned. In his place Premier Mussolini has named Antonio Mosconi, a Councilor of State. The retirement from public office of one of Italy's most eminent bankers and business men is officially interpreted as part of the natural process of replacing non-partisans with regular Fascists. But other reports indicate that there is more to the matter than this—that Volpi thought the gold value set for the Italian lira too high to allow industry and trade to develop profitably, that he foresaw economic depression and a decline in exports, and that the fixation of the French franc at a lower level led him to fear advantages for France and to wish to leave office before unpleasant inevitabilities should begin to arise. But competent Ministers are rarely admitted to have resigned for such reasons.

Giolitti, the only outstanding opponent of Fascism, died shortly after the resignation of Volpi. His passing was another sign of the complete ascendency of the new order. Five times Premier, he had spoken consistently against Mussolini's rule and its violation of the former Italian Constitution. He was the one voice of old-fashioned bargaining Liberalism and old-school government by patronage and parliamentary log-rolling—an adept at that political game. But he was eighty-five years of age, and his hostility to the power that had displaced him permanently was the hostility of an almost disembodied spirit. When Giolitti made his last appearance in Parliament against the new electoral law establishing the Fascist party as the one recognized political organization in Italy, the dictator kept his hot-headed followers from replying to his aged antagonist's attack—thus giving the most crushing retort of silent disregard.

GYPSIES have no place in the world today—so Hungary, their traditional motherland, has decided. No longer are they to have the freedom of the roads or liberty to wear their picturesque ancestral costumes. Instead, they must be registered, have habitations and names, serve in the army and pay taxes, perhaps—it may be—perform some regular work.

As a blow from organized nationalism to care-free individualism, what action could be more symbolic? The gypsy king is said to be preparing to protest in the name of the time-honored gypsy privileges. But what can a prince of vagabonds, even a scion of Romany royalty, do against a twentieth-century police power that decides to treat him as a tramp? Soon the only gypsies left will be those who dance and play and sing in the world's metropolitan restaurants, before office-weary cosmopolitans—for pay.

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What the Filipinos Need

AMERICAN capital is seeking profits in regions under foreign flags, while it avoids a rich region under the flag of the United States. Certainly the Philippine Islands need capital. Certainly American capital should find investment there as profitable as in any similar region in the world. It goes into South and Central America and into other tropical and subtropical regions; why does it not go freely into the Philippines?

Governor-General Stimson has told the Filipinos one reason why. The laws of the islands concerning both land-ownership and corporations are largely antiquated. They ought to be changed.

It is not chiefly the fault of the Filipinos that their land laws and corporation laws are obstacles to the development of the islands. Many of those laws were enacted thirty years ago on American models. Some were enacted by the American Congress. But the models have been abandoned in the United States, because conditions have changed. The copies of them should be abandoned in the Philippines.

Mass production and large-scale operations have raised the standard of living in the United States. They are needed to raise the standard of living in the Philippines. It is impossible for a people to become really independent in the modern world under conditions that prevail in the Philippine Islands. A carabao for power and a crooked stick for a plow cannot compete with electricity and modern machinery. But machinery and electric power are creatures of large corporations. Governor-General Stimson has found that the two Bar Associations of Manila—one the American, the other the Filipino—have a joint committee that has been giving these laws its attention. He has turned the information he has on that subject over to that committee, and in his annual message has recommended to the Philippine Legislature to consider that committee's report and to revise the laws. "American capital," he says, on the one hand, "has learned the unwisdom and the danger of attempting unfairly to exploit the land in which it enters." On the other hand, he points out, "what capital demands and what it has a right to expect is safety for investment and the certainty of fair treatment under the laws of the country where the investment is made."

That is reciprocal, and it is self-respecting both for the Americans and the Filipinos.

There is no danger of economic serfdom in this; for, as Colonel Stimson reminds us, a hundred and forty years ago Americans, poor in capital, like the Filipinos now, but, like them, rich in natural resources, borrowed freely from Europe for the development of the country, and today can lend capital to Europe. There is no reason why the Filipinos cannot do likewise.

Some day the Philippines will be developed. They are a richly endowed country with a scant population on the edge of a continent whose peoples are both crowded and poor. Under the American flag the Philippine doors are closed; and the opportunity remains for the Philippines to be developed by and for the Filipinos. Whether they will be depends now on the Filipinos themselves. Will they avail themselves of American protection and American capital?

The old sentimentalism that led Americans to talk about "our little brown brothers" in the Philippines has disappeared. With it perhaps has disappeared some of our sense of responsibility for the islands, though we remain trustees. The demand of the Philippine *politico* for independence has been an influence in changing the American point of view. In place of both the sentimentalism and the sense of responsibility has grown up in Americans a practical view of mutual business relationship. If the Filipinos want our capital and our protection against exploitation by others, then they must make it worth our while to invest our capital there and to keep the doors closed against the hungry Orient. They have the control of their affairs largely in their own hands. They can no longer count on American sentimentalism. They will have to depend now upon the Yankee idea of a fair bargain. Governor-General Stimson's advice is thoroughly sound and is in their own interest. We hope they will heed it.

The Forgotten Listener

ON a sweltering day in Washington—and how a day can swelter there!—more than three hundred people from all four quarters of the country, except the South, assembled in one room for a hearing. They were there in answer to a summons to show that the radio stations they represented or favored were serving a public interest. There are too many radio stations, so Congress and the Radio Commission evidently think, and a hundred and fifty-two are now on trial for their lives.

There is, for instance, a radio station in North Dakota. It pleads that it is the only one in a radius of a hundred miles. Suppose it is. What use is it to the public? Do its programs justify its existence? Here is another in crowded New York. It is devoted to a certain propaganda. Does the principle of free speech entitle it to clutter up the air? There are scores of others—all taking pay for advertising. Is their advertising income public justification for their audible outgo?

Such radio programs as we have in the United States are supported by advertising. It was America that put the ad into radio. It is otherwise in Great Britain. In an article in the "Atlantic Monthly" not long ago Dr. R. A. Millikan, the eminent physicist, after paying tribute to American "technique of the reproduction," declares from personal experience:

"But the program that is on the air in England is incomparably superior to anything to be heard here, for the English Government has taken over completely the control of the radio. It collects from each owner of a receiving set twelve shillings a year, and then, with the large funds thus obtained—for there are many radio fans in England, as in America—it provides the radio-land public of England with the largest return in education and in entertainment for eight mills a night ever provided, I suspect, anywhere in the world."

Can the thirty-five million households in America that have radio sets get such programs from advertisers? Those that pay for the fiddler call the tune. But it is the radio users that have to listen.

The only attorney that the listeners have is the Radio Commission. Can Government regulation under that Commission do for the listeners what Government operation in Great Britain has done? Or must we be content here in democratic America to accept whatever the radio advertiser thinks is good enough for him, and therefore good enough for us?

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An Explorer's View of the Arctic Disaster

By

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Since the loss of the Italia the press has been flooded with rumors, explanations, and wholesale denunciations. Each despatch seems to be succeeded by a conflicting story the next day. The people are tired of this hearsay evidence as to where the blame really lies and are beginning to clamor for the truth.

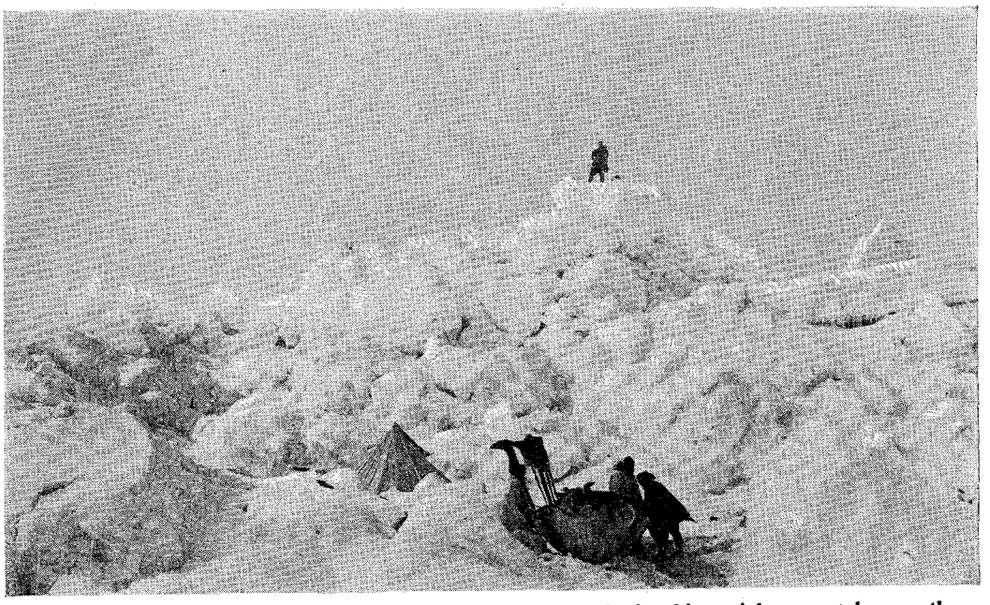
Probably few of the critics of the Nobile expedition have had any Arctic training. Yet only men who have lived in the Far North can have any real knowledge of conditions there. In this article Mr. Stefansson, the well-known explorer, who has spent years in the Arctic, points out some of the fallacies in the various reports and gives his opinion of the Italia disaster.

WHEN a widely heralded enterprise goes wrong, critics of everything connected with it spring up everywhere. Nobile is discovering this with a vengeance, and so are the rest of the Italians, for an attempt is apparently being made to develop a national or racial issue—anti-Latin, anti-Italian, or perhaps only anti-Fascist. Still, most of the critics are just anti anything that has come to grief. It is the good old sport of kicking a man when he is down.

Some of the charges against Nobile are obviously well founded. But the men who are pressing them are in many cases really not entitled to speak now. For Nobile's mistakes are, most of them, the simple results of his inexperience. Surely those who are well enough informed to point out justly his errors were also well aware before he flew north that he was deficient in Arctic training. They should have spoken then, protesting against the danger of a commander and crew so wholly inexperienced facing the rigors of Arctic conditions. Having been silent at that crucial time, they should forever after have held their peace.

There is, too, a fundamental reason for withholding harsh blame—the obvious scarcity of fact and the prevalence of fiction in the European despatches to the American press. One day, for instance, we have a circumstantial account of how Malmgren's body was found on the ice where the two Italians had stood vigil over it for a month. The usually hard-boiled Bolsheviks were deeply moved as, with bared heads, they carried the body of the Swedish explorer aboard the Krassin while the bugler played a funeral dirge. The next day we are told that the body was not found at all, and that the Italians had abandoned it after reverent burial. The third day we learn that the Italians abandoned the Swede while he was still alive, and there are gruesome details of alleged graves dug in the ice for a man not dead. Aside from the patent contradictions, how could such a grave be dug by men allegedly weak who have no tools? If you have ever tried to make even a small hole through the stubborn and tough ice of the sea with good implements, you know how difficult it would be to hollow out a grave. Surely there is a great deal of fiction as well as a great deal of nonsense here. For the time being we have no means of telling who was the original author of it and what additions were made by later hands.

Again, there are in the news self-evident absurdities, as, for instance, when the same party are described at the same time as having already been soaking wet for many days through constant rain and also as having their jaws swollen because they had been gnawing at frozen pemmican. That type of simultaneous combination of liquid water and hard frost would be a revolutionary scientific discovery if it had occurred anywhere except in a hectic despatch from the scene of a tragedy. Press commentators have hazarded the explanation that it



The ice is as rough as this only near land. The photographs in this article were taken on the third Stefansson expedition. They show the conditions faced by Nobile and his men

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Johansen, marine biologist of the third Stefansson expedition, studying ocean life on the same sort of ice the Nobile party camped on, but farther from land (50 miles)

doubtless rained in the daytime and froze at night, overlooking the fact that there are no nights in June at 80° north latitude.

Curiously, in a manner that is doubly strange, the critics of the Nobile adventure are glossing over the thrilling personalities of the story and concentrating on etiquette. Was it right that the commander should have been the first of his party to be rescued? Was it right that the two Italians should abandon Malmgren, whether living or dead, and push ahead towards land? And was it forgivable that Mussolini did not reply at once accepting with gratitude and thanks the offer from the Norwegian Government to send out a rescue expedition, or a series of them, under the command of Roald Amundsen.

THE mystery of why Mussolini did not reply favorably and at once to the offered rescue of Nobile by Amundsen, is not so very obscure to those who have read Amundsen's book "My Life as an Explorer." To begin with, Amundsen in that book applies to Nobile the following epithets, among others:

> Absurd claims, arrogance, braggart, brazen effrontery, brutal lack of consideration, callous, childish display of lack of common sense, childish manner, childish petulance, demanding, double dealing, effrontery, egotism, epauletted Italian, erratic, fatuous, fatuous colonel, forever harping, gave no thought, grandiloquently shouted, grossly mismanaged (journey), hired pilot, ignorant, impudent, insolent, itch for ostentation, lack of balanced judgment, lost his head completely, ostentatious, pouting like a child, pouting lips, presumptuous, pretends, pretentious, saw himself as an explorer, selfishness, selfish arrogance, silly talk, spoilt baby, sourness, strutting dreamer, strutting upstart, swaggering officer, underhand, usurp (made efforts to), valorous (not especially), vanity feeding upon ambition, vulgar bad taste, wounded dignity, and vanity.

If Mussolini was familiar with these epithets and their in some cases still more unfavorable context, he might well have paused to ask himself whether Nobile would prefer to die or to be rescued by Amundsen.

Moreover, the Italian Government and Mussolini himself had been directly involved in the Amundsen-Nobile row. The dispute had been referred to the Norwegian Aero Club, and they had decided in favor of Nobile as against Amundsen, whereupon Amundsen had in turn charged in his book that the Club had been bribed to this decision by the Italian Government and had actually received the bribe in the form of Italian decorations.

Is it much in accord with the temper of Mussolini, as we know it through the press, to suppose it would be easy for him to accept that particular rescue plan when offered under those particular conditions? Perhaps he should have done so, but at least the issue is not so clean-cut as the European despatches have made it seem. The drama is more human than the editorial writers have pointed out, more Shakespearean, and leading fatefully towards a tragic climax.

Having usually failed to explain, or even to hint, the reason why Amundsen did not lead a Norwegian rescue expedition on request from Italy (and went instead at last in a French airplane), the commentators have left the public a good deal mystified as to what are the main elements by which to gauge the probabilities of Amundsen's safety or death. For one thing, the entire drama has been painted as taking place in the Arctic. But Amundsen and his five companions had to cross several hundred miles of Atlantic Ocean before they reached the comparative safety of Arctic conditions, which at that time of year are found only north of Spitsbergen. A Swedish newspaper did point out when Amundsen was only twenty-four hours overdue at the Spitsbergen base that the probability of his being alive was then already less than the probability of safety for those of the Nobile party who had not been heard from for several weeks. That was true because experience has taught us that most airplanes which have fallen in the Atlantic have been lost without a trace, while all fliers who had up to that time been forced to land in the Arctic had been able either to relaunch their plane, like Amundsen himself in 1925, or to walk ashore, as Wilkins had done (eighty miles) in 1927.

If, then, the Amundsen plane came down south of Spitsbergen while yet among Atlantic conditions, they had no ice that could give them friendly sanctuary, and must have drowned within a few hours. If they tried to land on Bear Island, or were able to reach Spitsbergen itself and tried to come down in that rugged country, they might easily have suffered a fatal accident, such as is not

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uncommon when airplanes are forced down in mountains. But if they flew past Spitsbergen, missing it either intentionally or in a fog, and came down upon the sea ice beyond, they are probably safe now. For if two wholly inexperienced Italians could be picked up on drifting ice forty-four days after they had been last heard from, there is no reason to doubt that a party with Amundsen a member of it could survive much longer. They have been missing only since June 18, which is a good deal short of forty-four days at the time of writing.

The probabilities of the safety of the Amundsen party can then be summed up: There are three chances out of four that they came down in the Atlantic, and if so, they did not have one chance in a thousand of living more than a few hours. There is some small possibility that they may have landed on the Spitsbergen or other islands, and they may then yet be heard from. The chance is something less than one in four that they reached the ice north of Spitsbergen, but in that case they would, after landing, have at least nine chances out of ten of living for several months and either making their way ashore or being eventually rescued.

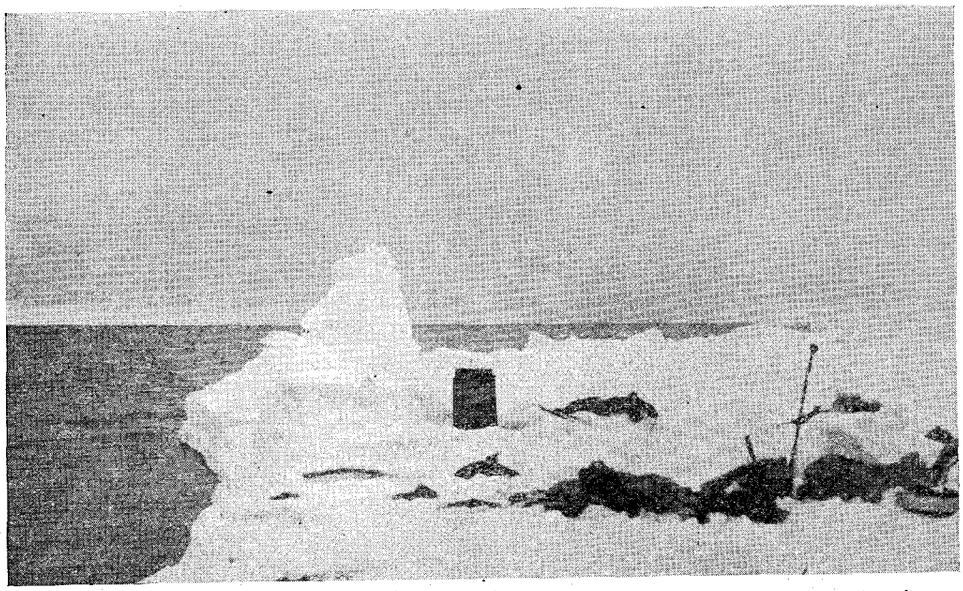
WITH Amundsen's fame resting upon a lifetime of distinguished service to exploration, it was natural that the sympathies and the grief of the world should for a time be chiefly involved in his fate. This was all the more natural since most people assumed that he had been flying to the rescue of a brother explorer whom he loved. It was equally logical on the minority assumption that he had gone to the rescue of one he hated. For "greater love hath no man" . . .

But the world at large seems to have no passion quite so strong as that for propriety, and soon the Amundsen tragedy began to be overshadowed by heated controversies as to whether Nobile should have permitted himself to be the first to be rescued. From most of the capitals of Europe there came violent denunciations, uttered by poets, prime ministers, and explorers, calling Nobile a coward. Most of these denunciations overlooked the salient facts in the case, even as they are hazily known to us through the contradictory press despatches.

The argument in denouncing Nobile was that the captain should be the last to leave a sinking ship. Apart from mere etiquette, this practice seems to be based on the assumption that the captain is the most competent man aboard, and must therefore stay to direct everything until the last moment. It is probable, or at least is a fair assumption, that Nobile was the most competent man aboard as long as the Italia was in the air. But when that ship had thrown them overboard and left them stranded on a floating island of ice, there remained no probability that Nobile was the most competent. Where every one was wholly inexperienced, it was purely a matter of chance who would prove to have the greatest native gifts. These gifts may have been Nobile's, or they may have been those of some other member of the party whose name we have never seen printed out of its alphabetical order in the list.

It is claimed by the reports that when the party were landed on the ice a majority favored walking ashore in Spitsbergen. These were probably men who had read the histories of Arctic expeditions and who knew that in the past men who have found themselves adrift on moving ice in positions similar to theirs have almost invariably been able to make their way ashore without the loss of a single man, even when the distances were far greater, in some cases ten times as great. But for some reason at variance with all practice of the past, the decision was finally made that the whole Nobile party should remain on that cake of ice where they fell, and that all reliance should be placed on radio calls and assumed rescue expeditions.

Then it was that three men refused to abide by the decision of the majority, since the radio had not yet been made to work and there seemed doubt of its ever working. They started to walk towards land. Such a division of the party was against precedent and doubtless against wisdom. So far as men of Arctic experience can see, not a few, but all, should have made a concerted effort to get ashore. It is said that their heaviest single piece of radio mechanism weighed less than fifty pounds. If that were so, the radio could have been carried along and signals sent out whenever the marchers stopped to eat a meal or to rest. That they had injured men in the party does not alter the conditions, for previous expeditions have made their



This had opened in front of Stefansson and his two men when they were trying to walk ashore in Banks Island, then 80 miles distant. They were delayed eleven days, and also drifted 90 miles farther from Banks Island in that time. But when the wind changed and the ice closed up they made land in about two weeks

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A piece of canvas wrapped around a sled turns it into a boat for crossing leads

way over similar ice successfully carrying several maimed or sick. There was, of course, quite as great a probability that they would be picked up half or a quarter of the distance from land as there was on the original floe.

WITH the Malmgren party once gone, when the Swedish rescuer Lundborg came through the air and landed safely beside the Nobile party, the rational thing was for the plane to carry back with it whoever was most injured or most a burden. If this was Nobile, then surely he was the right man to be carried out. If the one most a burden was some other, then equally surely an error was made when he was not taken instead.

However, if Nobile was physically ill, as reported, he was possibly to some degree mentally unwell too. Such a man in local command is a grave liability. To carry him away becomes important just because he is the commander, for then you can logically place in charge another man who is bodily well, and therefore presumably better qualified mentally also for meeting such vicissitudes as may arise.

It is at least dramatic to remember, too, that at this stage Amundsen had not been given up for lost. There may have been a nightmare on Nobile's mind that the Amundsen plane would swoop down from the sky one day and propose to carry him to safety. Put yourself in Nobile's place and see how *you* would have liked that situation—to be rescued by a man who had not only called you by at least forty-nine opprobrious epithets, but who had also devoted 103 pages of a book to trying to prove your incompetence, and who had said about you, among other things, that you would "present a pitiable spectacle on the polar ice" if your airship were by any chance forced down.

Such ideas may never have passed through Nobile's head; they are perhaps small, if they did pass through it; but they are at least such ideas as might have passed through your head or mine, inclining us to welcome any chance of getting out of our tight predicament before the man who had been deriding us turned up.

NEXT in violence to the press denunciations of Nobile himself are those heaped upon the two Italians who left behind the scientist Malmgren, either before he died or after. But if we can rely at all upon the despatches, the proprieties were really clear in this case and in favor of just what the Italians are said to have done. According to the accounts, the reason why Malmgren insisted on walking ashore was that the radio had not worked up to the time of his leaving, and there seemed no chance of conveying to the world the situation and location of the Nobile party—no chance except walking ashore. Whether by Nobile's orders or Malmgren's own plan, the shore party were in either case scouts whose main business it was to let possible rescuers know where the Nobile party were and how they could be reached. Both in fact and fiction we know that when one member of such a band of scouts falls to an enemy's bullet or to some accident, the others pause but a moment to see that he is really dead or to make him comfortable, and then press on, it being considered the most elementary duty that the last man shall, if necessary, leave all the others, no matter what their predicament, in order that the vital message shall get through.

Accordingly, it is probable, as well as correct in such cases, that Malmgren really did urge his comrades to leave him behind whenever he became a drag on their march. We would go even further and assume that, since the safety of all the other men out on the ice was, in the minds of these three, hinging on one of them getting ashore, it would have been their duty to leave Malmgren even had he asked them to stay instead of bidding them to hurry on.

THERE seem to have been, then, a good many mistakes in connection with the Nobile expedition, but no more than were to be reasonably expected of a commander and crew known before they started to be unfamiliar with the conditions they would inevitably have to face if their balloon came to grief. The loud complaints about violated proprieties are the result of feeling rather than judgment. Amundsen, if lost, was lost in the Atlantic on his way to the Arctic.

It is in large part a sad story. But the dark cloud has its silver lining and is now and then illumined by flashes of glory. The silver lining is that the world in general is learning much about the Arctic, notably that men who are wrecked there can live for months, though they would drown in a few hours if similarly wrecked in any other ocean. The flashes of glory are in the self-sacrifice and courage of the rescue expeditions—Amundsen and his companions, both Norwegian and French, and the sailors, fliers, and civilians of America, Italy, Finland, Norway, Sweden, and Russia.

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Never Mind the Stings—Go Ahead

By WAINWRIGHT EVANS

Mr. Evans believes that the slight inconvenience of being stung does not weigh in the scale at all against the satisfaction of keeping bees and the intense interest of knowing their habits. His recommendation of bee-keeping as a hobby is certainly convincing.

Mr. Evans is probably best known as co-author with Judge Ben Lindsey of "Companionate Marriage" and "The Revolt of Modern Youth."

WHAT pulled me into bee-keeping in the first place was not my own initiative and enterprise, but the interest taken in the idea by a boy with whom I had been intimately acquainted since his first birthday, sixteen years before. He had met some one who kept bees, and this person had whispered in his ear. Thinking it well to encourage a boy in so wholesome a hobby, but with no notion of taking a chance on getting stung myself, I prepared to get behind and push. I got some bee books on my next trip to the city, and sent to a bee supply house out in the Middle West for their catalogue. I spent an evening going through that material. By the end of the evening I was daft on bees, and I've never recovered since.

We sent for hives and veils and gloves and smokers, and comb foundation, and frames, and a bee brush and a hive tool, and queen excluders, and queen cages, and Boardman feeders, and queen-cell protectors, and one-way bee escapes, and for a dozen other things, many of which two novices could not possibly need, but which read well in that fascinating catalogue. And what the list finally totaled only my check-book, my conscience, and my wife's delay in buying a pair of shoestrings can say.

To round out the venture I subscribed in perpetuity for two bee magazines, and bought up back volumes of each to gratify my inordinate appetite for bee gossip without having to wait a whole month for the next installment. I also bought on sight every book on bees, good, bad, or indifferent, that I could lay my hands on; and whenever I happened on a second-hand book-store that I had not yet gutted I went in and combed its shelves for more bee books, in or out of print. And the bookseller, seeing the glint of madness in my eye, charged whatever he thought the traffic would bear. "You must be very much interested in bees," he would say politely as I left. "Come again." Then he would rub his palms together and smile.

I went scouting through our rural neighborhood for kindred spirits. Some of the country folk along our road had bees in the old-fashioned way, after the manner of their forefathers; and they called a hive a "gum." At some time in the past they had seen a swarm of "wild bees" passing over, had banged tin pans and blown horns, had watched the bees settle on some tree limb, had put on mosquito-netting veils and the thickest gloves available, had lighted some chips in a pan to make a smudge, and with this primitive equipment had knocked off the swarm into a soap-box and put the box on a stand. Bee-keepers call that a "box hive." Whenever the bees cast a swarm thereafter, the method was to get another soap-box from Si Axelrod's general store and post office down the road, shake the bees into it, and let them set up housekeeping there. Every fall they would brimstone a portion of their colonies, cut out the tangled mass of comb, brood, and pollen with a saw or a butcher knife, reserve as much of this tragic mess as was edible, and throw away the rest.

Under this system of bee-keeping there was nothing very complicated about having home-grown honey on one's dinner table. You simply clubbed your bee over the head, took her honey, and threw away the bee. The natives had no use for new-fashioned gewgaws in apiculture; and they regarded me good-naturedly, as one of those folks who will move to the country after they've gotten infected by the city with all manner of complicated follies and highfalutin ideas.

BUT in the meantime I was learning through the bee magazines that there existed all over the world a fraternity that most people have never so much as heard of, a little world with interests of its own and a language of its own—which talked of the blooming of nectar-bearing flowers, for instance, as a "honey flow." I was charmed, because they seemed to be mighty nice people and to be uncommonly wise.

Then, one red-letter day, came Abe Comstock, driving a weather-worn Ford, and selling his honey, light and dark as you preferred, from house to house. Abe was just what I had been looking for. There wasn't a thing in all Beedom that I could give a name to from my much book knowledge that he couldn't call by two names and transform from a theory into a living reality in the light of his vast experience.

The upshot was that I bought a dozen jars of his honey and a colony of his bees. And thereafter, when I could spare the time, I would drive over to his place, five miles away, just to ask him some question—any question—about bees, and then let him talk his head off till his wife called him to dinner. His wife didn't like bees. A bee had stung her once.

I am persuaded that a lifetime of contact with bees largely accounted for Abe and made him the unusual man he was. Abe was a small farmer; but dress him up and put him on the platform at the commencement exercises of any college, and you would have taken him for the Professor of Philosophy at least. He looked like Plato come to life. He had a squarely trimmed white beard, and a fine, sensitive face, graven with philosophic wrinkles. His eyes were an intense blue, and when he talked of his bees those eyes emitted fire; and his words, though he murdered accepted pronunciations, were like the honey of Hymettus. He had little "book-larnin'," but when he discoursed on his bees he was Plato and Vergil combined, philosopher and poet in one—so lifted out of himself was he, and out of all that made up the humdrum side of his life with a humdrum wife and a humdrum son, neither of whom could understand his ruling passion nor his indifference to stings.

It would be hard to say whether Abe's devotion to his bees had made him into an artist and philosopher, or whether it was the artist and philosopher in him that turned him to bee-keeping. Perhaps both. At any rate, his bees had given him a better education than high school had ever been able to confer upon his son; and he had a deep wisdom and a power of exact scientific observation

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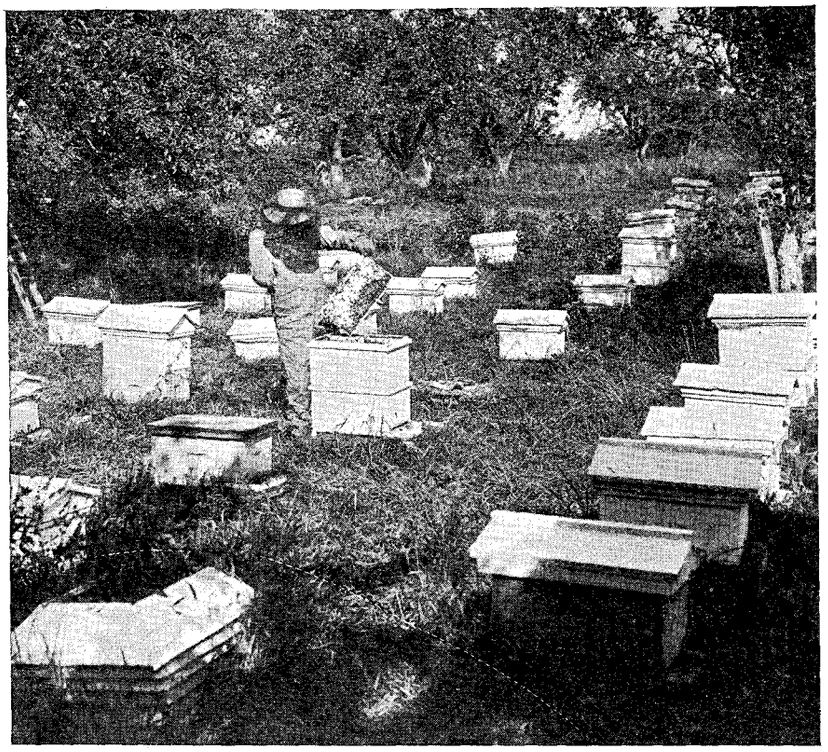

Ewing Galloway, New York

"Put on a veil and bee gloves and very gently lift out a frame"

and thought that lent a curious charm to his personality.

With fine dignity he always referred to himself, not as a bee-keeper, but a bee master. This is a title which the bees themselves confer upon the bee-keeper when he has really come to a knowledge of the hive and can think the way a bee thinks. It is to bee-keeping what the 32d Degree is to Masonry, and the bees do the initiating. When they recognize a master, they signify the fact unmistakably; and they say it with honey.

I sat at the feet of this Gamaliel, and I learned things that don't get into the bee books; and from my contact with Abe Comstock I have come to the conclusion that the first and important thing about bee-keeping is not honey and is not stings, but rather the effect of this spirited hobby on persons who enthusiastically and intelligently undertake it.

I LIKE bee-keeping because the technique and art of it is sufficiently complicated and fluid to be interesting, because it is always presenting problems which it takes real wisdom and insight to solve, and because it is sufficiently dangerous to appeal to that within one which likes a spice of danger, particularly when it can be had right in one's back yard. Bee-keeping combines, let us say, the fun a man can get out of gardening with the excitement he can get out of tiger shooting or rattlesnake charming. He doesn't have to travel a long way to indulge it, or have a big plot of ground to make it practicable. Indeed, there are people who keep bees on apartment-house roofs in cities; some keep them in attics; thousands of ordinary suburbanites keep them in their back yards, and placate the neighbors against possible stings with wisely distributed gifts of honey.

But, aside from all this, the foundation fact in bee-keeping is the bees themselves. The bee is the only insect that has ever been domesticated by man; and bee-keeping is among the oldest of all the crafts. Bees have a social life as highly organized as that of the ants—a social life which, unlike that of the ants, can be observed and studied by merely lifting the cover off a box. Children can be taught to lift that cover without fear and without danger of stings. Beneath it lies an order of life around which has clustered for ages an astounding accretion of legend and scientific fact. If one wants still more intimate touch with the bees, he can keep an observation hive, with glass sides and one or two frames of bees, right in his living-room.

And there is much to watch. Let us open one of the hives, on a sunny afternoon, out in the back yard, for instance, and see. It is quite simple, and there is nothing to fear. Put on a veil, because a chance sting on the face is never pleasant; and if you are nervous for the comfort and safety of your hands, put on bee gloves. One charming thing about the bees is that they are always in earnest, that they mean business, and have no sense of humor. Make a false move, and they will sting. Of course, the secret of handling them with bare hands is not to make false moves. In time, as you become familiar with their preferences, you will get over your nervousness and discard the gloves, which are a nuisance, preferring to take an occasional sting instead.

In addition to the veil and more or less superfluous gloves, one carries a smoker—which is simply a metal container holding burning chips and trash. It has a little hand bellows attached, and when you press the bellows the thing emits a cloud of smoke. The smoker is an absolute necessity for the safe handling of bees. Opinions differ as to just why smoke subdues and quiets bees; but the important thing is that it does so, and that when it is not available a colony can readily get out of control.

We come to the hive. Bees are dropping down upon the landing-board like winged golden nuggets; others are shooting off eagerly into space; and the hum of the busy hive rises like the voice of a great people singing as they work. Watch those field bees as they land. As each lights at the entrance she is inspected by one or more of a group of bees that are apparently standing around loafing, with their hands in their pockets. Those are the guards; and they are doing a great deal, as you will observe if some robber bee from a neighboring hive attempts to enter. They know by her odor that she does not belong to them; and, grabbing her by the wings, legs, or any other handy portion of her anatomy, they hustle her off the landing in short order. Sometimes the robbers get by—but that is another story. No room for it here. Get a bee book.

FIRST we shoot a little smoke, just a puff or two, into the entrance. This drives back the guards, and more or less alarms and for the moment *disorganizes* the entire colony. Then we insert the hive tool or a screw-driver or chisel under the "inner cover" of the hive, and send a little smoke in through the crack so made. From within the hive goes up a roar of alarm. We let them settle down for a moment. Now, very gently, much as if you were opening the door of

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a bedroom in an effort not to wake the sleeping or dozing occupant, lift off the cover, and set it one side. A lot of bees will be clinging to it, but don't mind them.

Before you now is a box which contains, ordinarily, ten wooden oblong frames that are suspended horizontally by their projecting ends, and which contain combs in which are honey, pollen, and brood. This lower story of the hive is known as the brood chamber. It is here that the bees live, here the queen lays her eggs, and here they store the honey they will use through the winter. Upper stories are added during the "honey flow," and in them the bees store the surplus which goes to the bee-keeper.

There are bees, bees, bees, everywhere. They come boiling up by thousands from between the combs, and several are buzzing curiously about your veil or lighting on your clothing. Shoot a few puffs of smoke lightly over the mass on the frame, and back they go. Now put down the smoker and very gently, without jarring or scraping or disturbing the bees, lift out a frame. Let's take it from the center of the hive.

It is covered with bees—swarming with them. Some crawl out onto your hand, but don't let that disturb you. A stinging bee goes at you quite differently; and these are merely curious.

Toward the top of the frame are cells covered with flat cappings, and some with the cappings not yet on. They contain honey, in various stages of ripening. When a field bee brings in nectar, it passes its load to another bee; that bee deposits it in a cell. Nobody knows quite what happens; but it is supposed that the bees mix the nectar with a small amount of formic acid—the same irritant poison that the bee stings with. It was once thought that the bees injected the formic acid into the honey with their stings, but that notion was wrong. However, a change takes place in the nectar. After treatment by the bees it becomes an invert sugar, containing two kinds of sugar, known as dextrose and levulose. It is practically a predigested sweet, and when eaten is absorbed without further digestion. It is said by food chemists to be the only sweet except maple syrup that produces an alkaline instead of an acid reaction in the body tissues. At all events, there it is, as yet "unripened."

The fanners are at work. Look for them. They keep a constant stream of air passing over the combs. It evaporates the thin liquid deposited by the bees till it attains the thickness characterisic of ripened honey. In due time, when the honey is "ripe," the bees cap it with a film of wax.

Another group of cells have a yellow substance in them; and a few bees are putting in more of it, pounding it in compactly and using their heads as mallets. That is pollen. Watch the hind legs of the field bees, yellow with clinging masses of it. Pollen is the protein ration of the hive. It is known as "bee bread." Honey is the carbohydrate ration. Both contain mineral salts and vitamins—unlike the commercial sugar which we, as a nation, consume in such appalling quantities.

Farther down are other capped cells, but the caps are different from those that cover the honey. They are rounded up like little hemispheres. Those that are not capped in this manner contain, many of them, little white worms, known as the larvæ, while still others contain each a minute white speck, glued to the bottom of it. These are eggs, which will in a few days hatch into larvæ. Bee-keepers know this collectively as "brood."

Look sharp—one of those rounded caps breaks open slowly before your eyes, like a hatching egg, and forth struggles a young bee. Watch it go toddling over the comb, uncertain of its footing at first, and getting very much in everybody's way. Presently she comes to a cell containing honey, from which she begins at once to feed, while an older bee comes along, perhaps, and stops to give the newcomer a thorough currying from head to tail.

At the height of the queen's laying season there may be two thousand such hatchings a day. Yes, more than that; for when the queen is laying in good earnest she deposits often as many as four thousand eggs a day. That amounts to more than two and a half times her own weight in eggs; and they naturally hatch, on coming to maturity, at the same rate.

Here and there are masses of capped cells, the caps as big as peas, and larger in diameter than the other cells. Drones will hatch from these. Everywhere, covering the comb so thick you can hardly see through the mass of them, are bees and more bees. Some are nurse bees, feeding the new hatched larvæ; others are wax-makers, hanging there in chains while they elaborate the wax that oozes in tiny scales from the joints of their armor; others are fanners, who regulate the temperature of the hive by standing in ranks and by a rapid movement of their wings force a current of stale air through one-half of the hive entrance, while a current of fresh air automatically rushes in through the other half to take its place. Then there are the field bees, just back with their load of pollen and nectar. They stand quiet while others relieve them of their load and groom them as a groom curries a horse. Here and there a tired worker has crawled into an empty cell and gone to sleep. At the entrance, on the job once more after your puff of smoke, are the guards, challenging all comers. An ant tries to get past them, and two of them hustle him out and send him tumbling head over heels; a bumblebee tries it, and, in spite of his size, finds the place too hot. All about are the big burly drones, the male bees who have nothing to do but take life easy, who have no stings, and who will be ruthlessly slaughtered by their working sisters at the end of the summer—a St. Bartholomew's Eve celebration that the bees take quite as a matter of course. There's a worker tackling a drone right now, if it chances to be late in the season, gnawing off his wing while she tugs him toward the exit.

Now look very close indeed. We must find the queen. Ah, here she is, slipping around that corner of the frame to keep out of sight. She is longer, much longer than the other bees, and she drags her heavy abdomen slowly over the combs. There is a rosette of attendant bees around her, most of them with their heads toward her; and these go with her, escorting her from cell to cell. Into each cell she thrusts that long abdomen, pauses an instant, and then withdraws it. In that instant she has laid an egg, and glued it neatly to the bottom of the cell. Such is the queen. Speaking of miracles, there she is—possibly the most marvelous machinery of reproduction in the whole known realm of nature. Two and a half times her weight in eggs a day—remember that. Start her, young and fresh, at the beginning of spring, and by honey flow she will present you with sixty, eighty, and even a hundred thousand of her children to gather nectar for you. If she is a black queen, and you want Italian bees instead of blacks, kill her and give the bees another fertilized queen. In a few months you will have an Italian colony instead of a black colony; for the bees you see before you now will within the next four to eight weeks all have worked themselves to death, and their places will have been taken by others coming by thousands from that fertile womb. A new queen means a new colony in the space of weeks. The bees come and go

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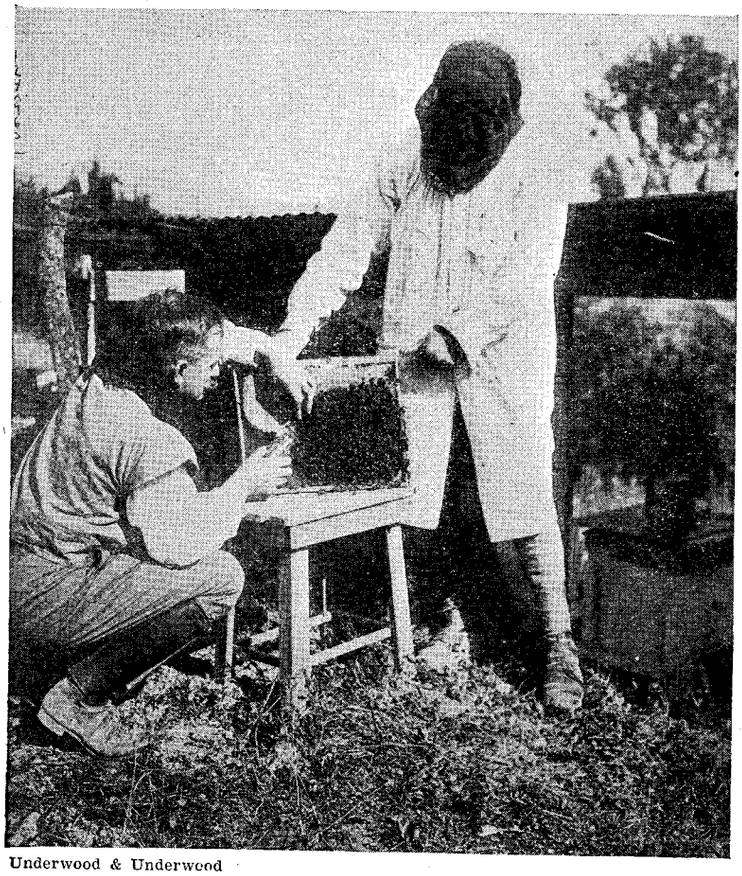

Underwood & Underwood

Capturing a queen bee for removal to another hive

but the queen remains. She *is* the colony.

ONE curious fact about this amazing creature is that she can lay fertilized or unfertilized eggs at will. If she lays an egg in one of the small cells, known as worker cells, she will lay a fertilized egg, and it will hatch into a female bee; but if she lays in one of the large cells, known as drone cells, she will lay an unfertilized egg; and this will hatch into a male bee, a drone. This is known as parthenogenesis.

But that isn't all. When the egg in the worker cell hatches into a larva, the nurse bees feed it an amazing food which they elaborate in their own stomachs on a diet of pollen and honey, and which is called royal jelly. They feed the larva royal jelly for three days, and then seal it up; and in due time it hatches into a worker bee, which is simply a female bee whose reproductive organs have not developed.

But suppose the bees want to make a queen. They can take that same worker egg, put it in a specially constructed cell called a queen cell, which is about the size of the end of your little finger, and feed it royal jelly for five days instead of three. Then they seal the cell, and in due time it hatches them a queen. When the bees want to swarm out with the old queen and leave part of their number to carry on the establishment with a new queen, that is what they do; and that is their method of multiplying by colonies. It is also their way of superseding an old and failing queen when they think it time to kill her off and start over with something young.

The first thing a virgin queen does when she hatches out is to run to other unhatched queen cells, if any, tear them open, and sting the occupants to death. Or if she finds another queen already hatched, they rush at each other, and the one that gets stung dies on the spot. This is the only occasion on which the queen bee ever uses her sting. After disposing of her rivals, this lively virgin sips honey and eats pollen for several days. Then she finally launches forth upon her wedding flight. And after her go the drones, perhaps hundreds of them, both from that and from other hives. A drone has extra large compound eyes, which enables him to spot a queen in flight at incredible distances. The drone that can fly the fastest and farthest is supposed to win in this race. The union takes place in the air; and the drone, the instant this is accomplished, drops to earth, dead, with his entire reproductive apparatus torn from him.

The queen, inseminated for life by this union, returns to the hive, and a few days later begins to lay. Within her, held in a small sack, is the entire seed of the drone. From that sack she permits the passage of spermatozoa apparently at will; and as her eggs pass out, she fertilizes them or withholds fertilization according to whether she is laying in a drone or a worker cell.

That single flight, if it results in a successful mating, is ordinarily the only flight the queen ever makes from the hive till she swarms out with part of the colony some time to seek a new home.

So much for a mere first glimpse at the bees. A man could look at them the span of his lifetime, and still his knowledge of these insects would be a trifle as compared with what there is to know.

Bee-keeping would be one of the most popular of hobbies if it were not for the fear people have of stings. It is also one of the most profitable of agricultural pursuits when the amount of the investment involved in a beehive is considered. Nobody was ever more afraid of bee stings than I was, so I quite appreciate the point of view of those who can't see themselves handling bees. I started wearing the full armor, but soon I found, as I became more familiar with the ways of bees, that I had been afraid of a myth. They seldom sting; and the terror of a bee sting, save for a few persons who are, by some idiosyncrasy, especially susceptible to the poison, is purely psychological. It hurts a little, and for a moment only; and the slight inconvenience of it does not weigh in the scale at all against the satisfaction of keeping bees. Familiarity breeds contempt, and before long the bee-keeper acquires immunity from the unpleasant after effects, such as swelling and itching, which the novice must expect to put up with. Have gentle Italian bees, and handle them gently, and stings will be few and far between. If you want to be paid for the fun you will get out of them, let me add that there is quite a bit of money in it. You may conservatively expect a clear profit of $10 or more a year from a hive. Many a man who is worrying about his bread and butter would find that worth a sting or two. Besides, it's the stings that help make bees interesting. Who would find a thrill in keeping a colony of black flies —even if they made honey?

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"Stir" Slaves

The State-Use System

By NELS ANDERSON

The State-use system of prison labor is so called because it proposes to set the convict to making supplies for State institutions. In theory perfect, in practice it is only moderately successful in a few States that have tried it out. Mr. Anderson tells why. This is the second of a series of articles dealing with our prison system.

IT is pretty generally agreed that the State-use system is a step in prison reform. Perhaps the best evidence of it is the way wardens, keepers, and politicians as well as the contractors have opposed its inauguration. Penologists and laymen indorse State use. What the prisoners think we don't know, because nobody ever thought to ask prisoners. We may assume that convicts would be against any system that exploited their labor for the profit of contractors. Perhaps we shouldn't ask prisoners, but the fact that we never do is an indication of our general lethargic attitude toward the whole program of penal rehabilitation.

The employment of prison labor solely for the manufacture of articles for use in State institutions obviously is a step in advance over their employment for personal gain by a private contractor. The advantage is a little too obvious, in fact. It leads the public to assume, in the comfortable way it has of making optimistic assumptions in matters which do not directly concern its own welfare, that the solution of the prison employment problem has been found in the State-use system.

There are good grounds for regarding it as a step in advance, but none at all for thinking it any seven-league stride. It exists in only four States, and in two of them, at least, it is administered with scandalous slackness, owing to politics, labor-union opposition, and the general apathy of the public toward prisons and their inmates.

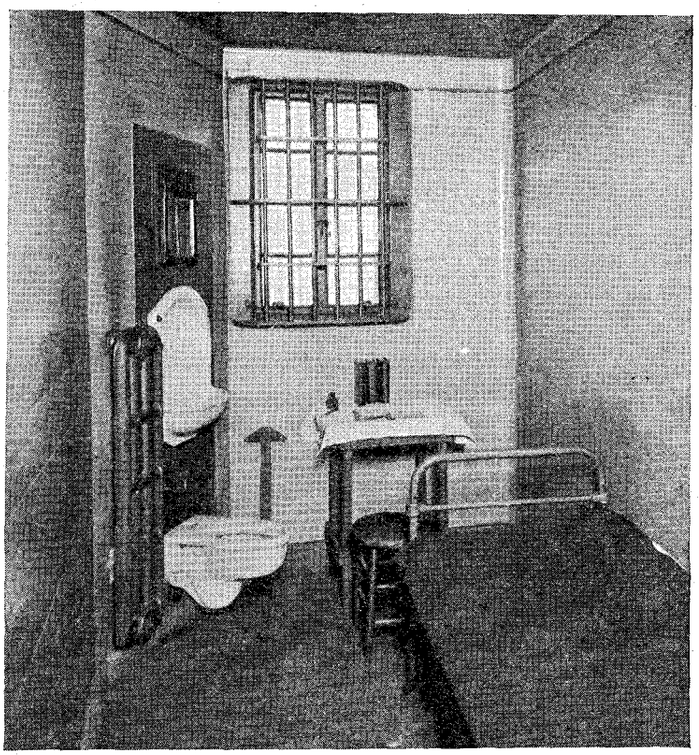
The element of private gain from the forced labor of the State's prisoners is eliminated by the State-use system. The contractor is not called in to bid for the labor of the men and women in the State's prisons. His "instructor," as he terms his representative or overseer in the prison shop, to foster the delusion that the workers there are learning a trade, does not under the State-use system dominate the shop or occupy his fertile mind with schemes to get more work out of the prisoners.

The introduction of the State-use system makes a breach in the interlocking feudalisms of bureaucracy and cheap-John business, in whose intricacies lurk the possibilities of graft and corruption in the thirty States which cling to some form of the contract system. No Milton F. Goodman, to mention only one contractor, can gain an ascendency in the prison system of a State which has State-use shops, such as he enjoys in the Middle West.

In the thirty years in which he or his firms have been handling prison-labor contracts, Milton F. Goodman, of Chicago, has established himself, not only as a millionaire, but as baron or overlord of a rich demesne. His retainers are bound to him, not by ties of affection or personal fealty, but as sharers in a lesser degree in the revenues of the barony.

Either they are selected by Mr. Goodman with a keen eye to their usefulness in the various and devious intrigues which are indispensable in the successful operation of a vast prison-contract business or they naturally develop the qualities necessary and gravitate to the posts for which they are best fitted. It is a well-nigh perfect business machine which Milton F. Goodman has built up. His Reliance Manufacturing Company has become the symbol of contract labor.

The Reliance Company became involved as recently as 1924 in an investigation in Oklahoma into the relationship between politics and the prison-contract system. Governor Walton, of Oklahoma, had assured organized labor during his campaign that he would eliminate the contract system from the prison shops of the State if he were elected. It was said, however, that he had given the Reliance Company to understand quite the contrary, and there was evidence that that corporation, whose subsidiaries handle prison-labor contracts, had subscribed $10,000 to the campaign fund of Gov-



Underwood & Underwood

A MODEL PRISON CELL

in the Statesville Penitentiary, Illinois. This is about six feet wide by nine and a half feet long

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ernor Walton. In view of the Governor's campaign pledge, this was regarded as most mysterious, for the Reliance Company was not in the habit of chucking money about in $10,000 lots where it would be picked up by any one hostile to the contract system. An effort was made to get to the bottom of the mystery and subpœnas were issued for R. R. Rader, of the Reliance Company, and for Eli H. Brown, attorney for the company. Both of them were outside the jurisdiction of the State, however, and they stayed where they were, content, apparently, to sacrifice a shirt contract.

THE State-use system not only puts an end to the unholy alliance between prison contractors and politicians, but it reduces direct competition between prison-made goods and the products of free labor in the open market. Indirectly competition with free labor exists, obviously enough to have caused some criticism. It is a difficulty which is basic. So long as there is prison labor in wholesale quantities there is bound to be some competition with free labor.

As free individuals, before their imprisonment, the convicts were, of course, competing in the labor market with other free individuals. A comparatively small number of them, however, were garment makers or worked in brush shops or as printers or in any other given occupation. Their individual withdrawal from their trade made no perceptible difference in the competition for employment among the other members of the trade. But as convicts they are all lumped together and thrown into one trade, adding perceptibly to the competition in that trade.

Members of labor unions as individuals acquiesce in the prevailing opinion that convicts should be kept employed, but as union men and workers they protest bitterly when that employment happens to be the very trade in which they themselves are seeking a living. It makes little difference to them that, owing to the inefficiency of prison labor, the output per individual of prison shops amounts to only about $3,500 as compared with the $8,000 output per individual in free shops.

The result is that a politician, mindful of the labor vote, hesitates to take the steps which might make even the State-use system of prison industry reasonably efficient, and there is no co-operation whatever among the States in utilization of prison-shop products under the State-use system.

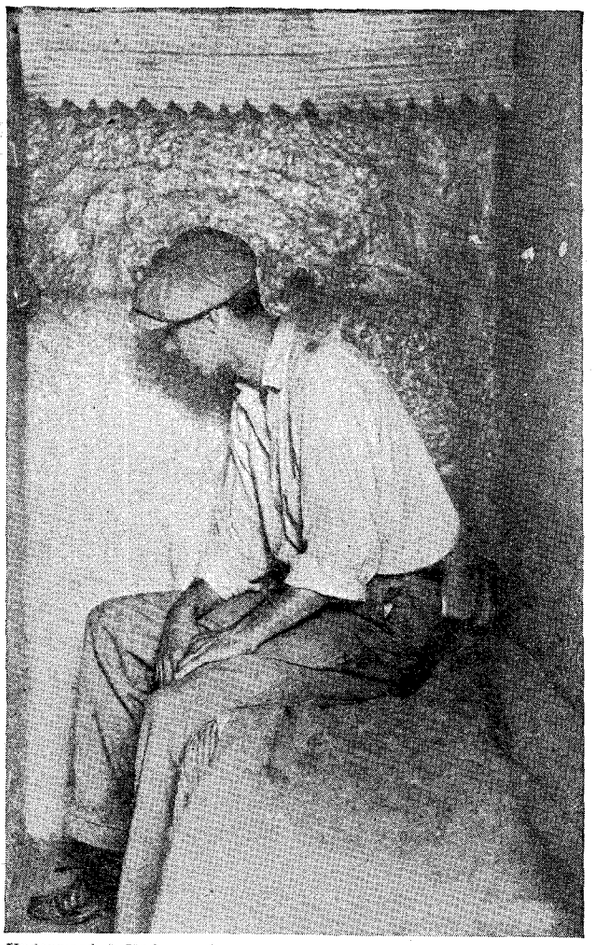
With inter-State co-operation and without political considerations, there would be an almost unlimited market for goods manufactured in prison shops under the State-use system. The forty-eight States and the thirty-one largest cities of the country spend all of $700,000,000 each year out of tax funds for public purchases. Not all the prison shops of the country, working at top speed under the most favorable conditions, could supply this demand.

Even to begin to supply it would require a complete reorganization of prison industries, a survey of resources and needs, the building and equipment of new shops, and a close co-operation among the States—no sign of which is now apparent. Arguments in favor of the scheme are plausible and the conception of the organization of prisons into an industrial chain, each link supported by the resources of its immediate vicinity and all contributing at cut rates to the public needs of the forty-eight States, is a pleasant one. It is, however, exceedingly remote.

In theory such a plan is perfect. It would be both logical and economical. It would enable the States to reverse the present process of buying public supplies on a high market and selling prison labor on a low market. Virginia prisoners would produce tobacco for use in State institutions throughout the country; Michigan prisons would supply the furniture; cast-iron products would come from prisons in Pennsylvania; the entire country would be divided into co-operative zones for the production of public supplies for the various States.

THE 104 prisons of the forty-eight States, with a population now estimated at 100,000, each individual of which has been sentenced to hard labor, constitute a vast and shameful monument to inefficiency in this land where efficiency has been almost deified. Thirty States turn over their convicts to contractors to be exploited and are content to pocket a loss themselves in order thus to shirk the responsibility entailed by sentencing these men to hard labor. It isn't efficient; it isn't even respectable; but it does keep the prisoners busy.

The State-use system, the only step taken in advance in prison industry in



Underwood & Underwood

THE OLD TYPE OF CELL

This Sing Sing cell is three feet wide by seven feet long. The prisoner can hardly move in it

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recent years, is somewhat more respectable. At least it eliminates bribery and exploitation for private gain. In its present state, however, it hardly may be called more efficient than the contract system. It does not keep the prisoners busy—at least not always. Ohio has got rid of the contract system and has acquired, with the State-use system, the "idle house."

In the "idle house" the convicts sit for hour upon hour with no employment more inspiring than the computation of the number of hours they must rust before their terms are up. There are 600 in the "idle house" in Ohio. When it becomes necessary to give them exercise, they are marched around and around the prison yard. So often have they made this dreary round of the "fools' parade" that prison wags swear that when they get out they are unable to "go straight."

Organized labor succeeded in abolishing the contract system in New York in 1894. It was succeeded by the State-use system, regarded at the time as a triumph for humanity and intelligence. Pennsylvania and New Jersey are the other States, besides Ohio, which have it. The installation of the system in each case was with the approval or even at the urgent insistence of organized labor, but, having succeeded in establishing it, organized labor in some cases either forgot the subject entirely or even tried further to circumscribe the activities permitted to men in the prison shops.

In New York, in the year following the installation of the State-use system, union printers and the J. B. Lyon Company, of Albany, a local firm which virtually has a monopoly of public printing, saw to it that a law was passed which eliminated State printing as a prison trade. A similar law was passed in Indiana.

An elaborately equipped printing plant was set up recently in the Eastern State Penitentiary of Pennsylvania. Printing for the State and its institutions was to be done there, the plan being one which seemed at once economical for the State and beneficial to the prisoner, who was thus enabled to perfect himself in a lucrative trade. But the journeymen and employing printers, objecting to convict competition, brought political pressure to bear and the plant was abandoned.

The action of the printing trades in New Jersey offers a contrast to this attitude. The prison industries of that State have been freed of politics, freed even from the control of the warden, who is a political appointee. They have a printing plant in the prison there, and the printers' union co-operates cordially in the work, outlining a course of instruction and giving apprentice credit for the time served by the prisoner in the printing plant. A prisoner who meets all the requirements of the union during his stay in prison receives a union card upon his release.

The prison printing shop does not do all the State printing, by any means, nor is it run at full capacity. In the six years since it was established with the co-operation of organized labor, twelve prisoners have received union cards. In 1926 the total output of the plant, in which seventy men were employed, was valued at $75,000. The rest of the work went to union shops, and will continue to do so, it is explained, "until the prison plant is ready to take it." The product per man was small indeed for a year, but better than the average in the case of State-use shops, which is about $800. State-use shops, hampered by politics, rarely pay twenty-five per cent of the cost of maintenance.

Other scattered unions here and there have shown a sense of responsibility for the changes wrought largely through their influence in prison industries and are co-operating with the prison authorities in an attempt to make prison workshops amount to something. In New York the clothing workers have assigned an instructor-worker to the Reformatory for Women to lend assistance in the experiment of manufacturing clothing for State institutions. The Boot and Shoe Workers' Union is helping establish a shoe shop in the Federal Prison at Leavenworth.

CO-OPERATION in prison industries by the garment workers is significant, in however minor degree, for the needle trades are those hardest hit by prison labor, about $20,000,000 of the $50,000,000 worth of prison-contract goods unloaded on the market being wearing apparel. Both the United Garment Workers and the Union Made Garment Manufacturers have started organized campaigns against the sale of garments made under prison contract.

Real co-operation by labor unions for the solution of the problem would be of great assistance, and these beginnings, small as they are, have the elements of success in them. For labor, through its potential or actual political power to limit the scope of State-use prison shops, whose establishment was accomplished largely at labor's insistence, has only pushed the solution further into the background. It must be remembered, however, that labor's struggle against the prison-contract system is still going on in most States, and seems to labor leaders a more vital necessity than interest in State-use prison shops.

The general attitude of organized labor toward prison labor is exemplified by that of the executive secretary of the Indiana State Federation of Labor, who discovered that more than three hundred men in the Indiana prison were making reed furniture for a well-known furniture company.

"We don't like that," he said, "because it hurts free labor. If it doesn't hurt free labor here, then it does somewhere else. We understand that free labor does not make much reed and fiber furniture, but if the prison-made furniture was not dumped on the market people would have to buy some other kind."

He was rather vague as to what work could be done by prisoners which would not impinge somewhere upon the field of free labor, but suggested that they might be employed in the manufacture of articles for State institutions—in other words, recommending the State-use system as though there was some esoteric quality in supplies used by the State that differentiated them from supplies for private consumption.

In Arizona's attempt to start a prison cement plant we see how big business is also involved in blocking State use. When the bill was up, an agent from the cement trust breezed into town with a story of his company's plan to start a cement factory in Arizona. Not wishing to discourage industrial development, the Legislature dropped the bill. The agent never returned.

"It's unfair competition," says the employer. "I can't compete when prison goods demoralize the market."

"It's not the amount," says free labor; "it's the principle of the thing. Free labor will not compete with convicts."

When a man takes his last stand upon the "principle of the thing," it's no use to pursue him further. It's no use to demand that he be consistent. This citadel he will defend to the last gasp, regardless of the flimsiness of the weapons at hand. It's the same old struggle, and whosever interests are invaded by the labor of prisoners is going to fight back. Here it is the worker defending his job, there it is the contractor defending his right to run his institutional sweat-shop. In this all-around battle for rights, profits, or control every one is considered but the prisoner. For his own sake it probably matters little, because there is only a hundred thousand of him; but the more we disregard him, the more of a menace he is to us. And there are a hundred million of us.

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The Asheville Convention

By DIXON MERRITT

HERE in Asheville, a nest in the midst of the mountain-tops, the summer assembly grounds of nearly all Protestant denominations clustering around it within a radius of fifty miles, the Southern Dry Democrats have met and highly resolved that Alfred E. Smith, the Democratic nominee for President, shall not have the electoral votes of the solidly Democratic South.

One is tempted to smile at the thought of so small a gathering taking so large a contract. Their number hardly exceeded 250. Nearly half were women. A majority of the other half were preachers. Nearly all were innocent of what is commonly thought of as a working knowledge of practical politics.

We newspaper men—there were twenty-five of us, perhaps—did smile at the outset. Then we began to realize that the leaders of this Conference were of those people who for fifteen years have had Congress jumping through the hoop at their word—jumping just the same when the hoop was covered with sheet iron as when it was covered with gauze paper. After that, we thought it wise to think twice before smiling too broadly. Involuntarily, there came to some of us the thought of the Spartans at the pass of Thermopylæ, of Gideon's band before the walls of Jericho.

Beyond any doubt, there was organized here a crusade of religious zeal. That without any reference to Governor Smith's church affiliation. Undoubtedly, there was religious prejudice here, but I do not believe that it was an actuating motive. These men and women felt that Governor Smith's political principles outrage their own religious principles, that his political practices would vitiate their moral achievements.

Just as undoubtable is the fact that the Asheville Conference was the beginning of a campaign of Democratic zeal. The people who participated in it were, almost without exception, hereditary Democrats. To most of them all of their lives a Southern Republican has been the height of the hideous, not to say of the heinous. They sincerely believed as they deliberated here that to turn the local and State affairs of the South into Republican hands would be to march straight into the arms of disaster. Yet these Democrats declared, with the exception of those from a single State, their fierce opposition to the Democratic nominee, their unfaltering determination to vote for the Republican nominee.

The exception was the representatives from South Carolina. That poor State nearly always finds itself in a position that makes nullification, secession, or bolting inevitable. It has a silly law by which one must take his Democracy straight or not at all; by which, if one scratches the nominee for President, one must scratch all other nominees. And this Conference was for supporting all Democratic nominees except Smith. What were the unfortunate South Carolinians to do? The Conference decided to let them depart in peace. They did depart, but in a few hours were back again, resolved, since they could not throw Jonah overboard, to sink the ship. There are few Republican candidates for office in South Carolina, anyway.

And so, with all Southern States represented—Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and all States south—the Conference resolved that Alfred E. Smith is not a regular Democrat, and that therefore no Democrat forfeits his regularity by refusing to support Alfred E. Smith.

There are three counts to the indictment:

Alfred E. Smith is not a Democrat in good and regular standing because he bolted the party platform adopted at Houston.

He is not a Democrat because he forced the selection of John J. Raskob, a Republican, as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

He is not a Democrat because he is a creature of Tammany, and Tammany has been a traitor to every Democratic nominee from Tilden to Davis.

These charges may or may not be valid in logic or in fact, but, fortunately or unfortunately, political charges do not have to be proved. And there is enough of fact behind these, particularly when they are backed by the preacher, to salve the conscience of many a Southern Democrat who wants to vote against Smith and hesitates only because of the question of party regularity. Raskob, Tammany, and the prohibition telegram do not, indeed, sound like regular, traditional Democracy to some who want to vote for Smith.

There is a fourth charge, not set forth in what may be called the platform adopted by the Conference, but mentioned in several of the speeches. It is that the Smith machine secured delegates to the Houston Convention by practices so sharp as to be dangerous to the political peace and dignity of the Nation. The representation was made to the Houston Convention in a petition, signed, but few knew the signatories. Chairman Robinson received it, referred to it, and filed it. He said there were signatures. Asked how many, he said, "Several." Pressed by a delegate for more definite information, he said, "Well, it looks as though there might be a million."

Bishop H. M. Du Bose of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, told the story of that petition here. He said that there were not a million signatures, but that there were almost exactly four hundred thousand. "And that," he added, "is enough to turn the scale."

If four hundred thousand Southern Democrats believe that Governor Smith secured delegates by irregular methods, if they resent it enough to vote against him, and if they are properly distributed, it is enough to turn the scale and to take the South out of the Democratic column for this year. But it is mighty hard to make three ifs stand up in a row.

The Conference was called by James Cannon, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Dr. Arthur J. Barton, of Atlanta, Georgia, a Baptist clergyman and Vice-Chairman of the Anti-Saloon League of America. The latter served as chairman and the former as secretary of the Conference. They meant to have less than fifty conferees present. Against their wills, they got five times that number. But the issuing of credentials was strictly guarded. Every person who sat in the Conference had to affirm, first, that he was a Democrat; second, that he was a Southerner; third, that he was dry. Officially, it was the conference of Dry Southern Democrats. One man from Ohio and one from Canada were seated as fraternal delegates. It was not exactly a conference of the States that seceded in 1861,

(*Please turn to continuation, page 560*)

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Storm Signals in Tennis

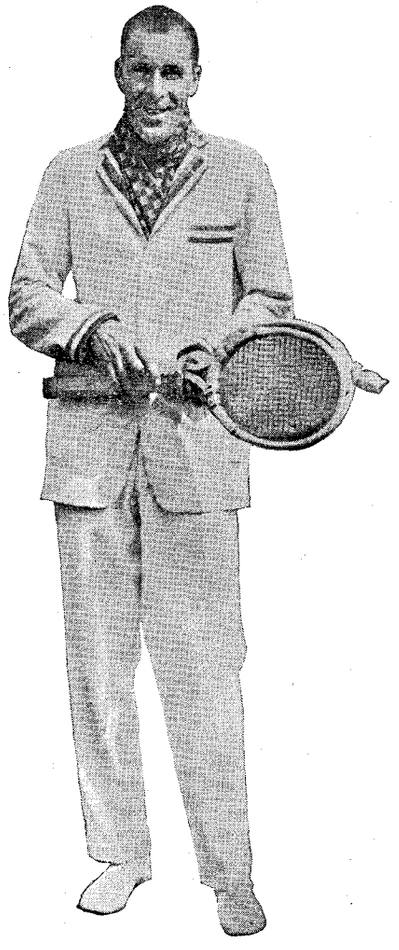
By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

WILLIAM T. TILDEN in the course of his remarkable athletic career has rebuilt and dramatized tennis all over the world. He has been architect and actor in a game that has experienced one of the most remarkable developments in the history of sport. It seems a pity that just at the time when the mass of the tennis public stood ready to add long-delayed personal popularity to his greatness the crash should have come. For, no matter what decision of expediency is made before these lines appear, whether for or against, and pending a rehearing of the whole matter in the near future, it was indeed a crash. The world of tennis owes Bill Tilden a debt that it is doing its best to repay—and with his own generous help—by the development of what some day will be almost a horde of young players who will put the technique of the game on a plane higher than it has known in all its long history. This great triumph cannot be taken from him.

Tennis is a game of forthright personalities. No other kind will get very far on the courts. And arrayed against Tilden in the decision that removed him from the Davis Cup team are personalities as dominant as his own. They felt that infraction of the player-writer rule was a vital blow to the standing of their beloved sport. But they should have known that Big Bill could no more forbear to write about it on the spot than he could forbear to talk about it, no matter what the prior agreement. Too bad they could not have barred all writing about the game by Davis Cup players for the period of the matches and thrashed the whole thing out later, as it will have to be thrashed out, along with other infractions that have been glossed over.

I sometimes feel that the player-writer rule has taken precedence over such matters as gift rackets and exorbitant expense accounts—with an occasional gift automobile—because of the propaganda power it might give to certain personalities in their uncontrolled moods. There have been times when it has worked out that way. It must be remembered that in these days of newspaper syndicates a disgruntled champion can reach literally millions of readers, while the governing body in his sport must rely on "statements," which have no money value in the editorial office, and so can never hope to catch up with the offending material. At first blush, permission to write seems simple enough and innocent too, but modern civilization has complicated the matter. I have felt, too, that part of the trouble with the player-writer rule, the Ethiopian in the cord-wood, has been the hostility of the parties gathered in conference. In the vernacular, both have made concessions, but both have gone away from the council table "sore."

In a word, the capitalization of athletic ability in selling bonds, insurance, or even the plumbing fixtures that add to Jean Borotra's income, for instance, does not carry with it the power of publicity. And that power of publicity is perhaps more dangerous than ever just now, since in all sports the present temper of a large section of the public (the vastly expanded sports public that is looking for a "show") seems to be: "Ah, who cares? Let him make all the money he wants. He's champion, ain't he?" I shall return to the syndicated article later.



William T. Tilden

For the moment let us to the personalities of a few men set over against Tilden, President Collom of the U. S. L. T. A., and Joe Wear, in charge of the American Davis Cup team, and incidentally townsmen of Tilden. Holcombe Ward is a man who has stood four square against even the very slightest taint of professionalism, even any mere suspicion of a drift that way, ever since I first heard of him. He is hardly a compromiser, and he has the advantage of knowing that the present *laissez-faire* in all sports is a passing phase. There are literally hosts of tennis followers who will say: "If Holcombe Ward says a thing is so, it is so. I am sorry, but I am content." Something of a reputation to have built up in the course of an active life on and off the courts! And there is Julian S. Myrick, of whom it may be said with justice that modern tennis from the administrative point of view owes him a debt that it never can repay. It may be, as Tilden and Richards have often said, that he has sometimes considered himself the czar of the tennis world. No doubt he has. At all events, he and Tilden have waged open warfare for years.

What Myrick did in the earlier days was to give the game new life by taking it away from Newport, where for so many years it was a mere appanage of society. That was an accomplishment against which at the time the betting was heavy. Later came the West Side Tennis Club, which is today to tennis what Meadow Brook is to polo. How much influence he has had in the late unpleasantness I do not know, as he is out of office, but I suspect that he has given counsel, as he always will on any amateur sport. He has the friendship

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Tilden in action

and respect of men in other sports who are fighting to keep their games out of the hands of the promoters. It was inevitable that such a character as Myrick and such a character as Tilden would come to grips. And it was inevitable that sooner or later the storm would break around Tilden.

Dr. Sumner Hardy, father of modern tennis on the West coast, and the man responsible for the bringing out of that remarkable string of players from California, made the charges against Tilden, and in doing so he was consistent, for he has objected to the whole Davis Cup procedure this year from the very beginning. And I honestly believe that it hurt him to do it. His brother, Samuel Hardy, by the way, is one of Tilden's greatest admirers.

Mention of Dr. Hardy brings one back for the moment to my characterization of Tilden as a tennis "architect." For the first young player whom Hardy nursed along on the public courts of Golden Gate Park was Maurice McLaughlin, the "California Comet," who took the East by storm. Tilden, when he began his great campaign, realized at once that "Maury" had brought something new into the game—remorseless speed. But Tilden would not toss away as much of the back court game as "Red Mac" had done. He linked the two together in the course of his years of constantly improving play until, combining the two with what amounted to a brand-new generalship, he had at command as nearly perfect a game as any one could vizualize. I said in a previous article that I considered Richards the greatest player in the world today, and I repeat that statement, for he had finally conquered Tilden, who frankly admitted that his years were against him; but Tilden taught Richards his own game, as he has too many other young players to mention.

Now for the syndicates. Away back in the long ago, Walter C. Dohm of Princeton, and W. C. Downs of Harvard, later members of the New York Athletic Club, and both delightful personalities, wrote of middle-distance running for a newspaper. Syndicates were not then in existence, and I remember no rule at the time against an athlete's writing his head off. He had to do just that to make any money. At best he made possibly $10 a column, and wrote three or four columns a week. No one thought anything about it. Then came the syndicates. They had done wonderful work in building up reputations and comfortable, in some cases opulent, livings for writers who otherwise might have been unheard of. But when they tackled sport, about which most editors know very little, they demanded first, last, and all the time, a NAME. For buying and selling the name was essential to start with, and it did not matter much what appeared under that name. In fact, the syndicate preferred to have the stuff written in the office. To the everlasting credit of Tilden and Richards, their copy was always readable, and they took pains to improve it as time went on. If they had never held a title, they undoubtedly would have developed into first-class tennis reporters—and tennis is fortunate in the excellence of its newspaper handling. But there never would have been ten thousand, fifteen thousand, or more, a year in it. As a matter of fact, I doubt if Richards ever made any such figure at his best.

However, the remuneration rose high enough so that it was possible for a ranking tennis amateur to make more money out of tennis by being an amateur than by turning professional. This is the sort of thing to which George Wightman, the same that resigned from the Olympic Committee because of Charley Paddock, so seriously objects. And, admittedly, it is a problem. It begins to look, indeed, as if the plodding, conscientious professional without any personal advertising were out of luck altogether.

Fundamentally, I have been opposed to restricting any man in the expression of opinion in writing on any sport in which he was engaged, and for money—if any one wanted to buy it. This always provided that the athlete wrote his own stuff. But it will be seen from the foregoing that there are pretty strong arguments against it.

I only hope that after Tilden's return, when the matter is taken up *in extenso*, as it will be, that the other abuses will be brought out into the sunlight, where they belong. And if the house-cleaning goes clear down to the cellar, the tennis ranks might well be decimated. Even so, I suspect the game will live, even though gate receipts might suffer for a time. I wonder if some of our readers remember the time when L. H. Waidner, of Chicago, what time the Middle West was insurrecto, arose on the convention floor and had the cheerful effrontery to demand that players in amateur tournaments be fined for tardiness or failure to appear.

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Miniatures from the Life

The Pattern-Cutter

By IBBY HALL

IN the early spring of this year a certain pattern-cutter in New York lost his job.

He was not a young man, and was inclined to be rather sensitive over this point of age. Perhaps he felt that years were a disadvantage in seeking work. Perhaps with increasing age he had found jobs more difficult to hold. Or it may be that life had aged him prematurely. For, though the man looked over seventy and old, he insisted to those who felt they had a right to know that he was no more than fifty-six. He had a certain pride about it.

In spite of his years, he had not learned very much about life except for the fact that everywhere it was stronger than himself. He had learned, too, that he must hold a job in order to go on living. So that when he lost his job he knew very well that he was expected to find another. From the cheap lodging-house which was his home, he set out daily to do what was expected of him.

But for once Life, or God—or, what had come to mean for him the Ruling Power—did not seem interested in his efforts. At the end of two months he was still without a job, and his mind was slowly filling with a great doubt. He doubted that he would ever get another job—he doubted that he could hold a job any more if he should get one—he doubted that any Ruling Power was aware of his existence. It was only a step to the final doubt of that one lesson he had learned. . . . There might be other ways of keeping alive than the way of work.

It was about this time when the old man noticed, one afternoon in his aimless tramping of city pavements, the hospitable open doors of a Catholic church.

The air inside the building was cool and dark, after the heat of noisy streets. The old man stood hesitating in one of the quiet aisles. No one troubled him. The scattered worshipers in the church were intent upon their own concern with God. The pattern-cutter slipped furtively into a pew, grateful for this chance to rest his painful feet. He began to look about, cautiously, curiously, at the worshipers—at the candles—at the statues—the walls. He began to consider what he should do.

A few hours later he found himself trembling, standing before a magistrate. He had been caught pilfering from the poor-box of the church. What was to be done with him now?

The magistrate did very little to that cowed and abject figure. This was a first offense. The man was old and out of work, and the temptation had been great. He was put on parole.

Outside the city court, breathing the air of freedom once more, the old man was filled with relief. That had been a narrow escape. From what—he was not quite sure. But certainly he had doubted that Ruling Power, and had been brought back to himself by a quick touch on the shoulder. He must remember once more what he had learned. He must find a job.

But when one is old and has begun to doubt life becomes a terror and a quicksand. Another month passed, and the pattern-cutter was still out of work. Moreover, he had added now a fresh doubt to those others. He doubted the law. Perhaps it was only necessary to be more careful and one might escape the law altogether. His mind began to dwell on the argument of the poor-box. Did he not belong to the poor? Was that not his money by rights?

Two weeks more without a job, and his hunger coupled with his doubts had become a defiance. He was through with superstitions. He would act now for himself, but this time more carefully.

In the northern part of the city one summer's afternoon a devout congregation worshiped before a Catholic altar. And the old pattern-cutter was among them. When the services were over, the old man stayed on alone. He sat waiting with the silence for twilight, when corridors and vestibules would be filled with flickering and unsubstantial shadows, hardly distinguishable from his own wavering figure.

In that subtle moment of dusk, when candle-light begins to live and marble shrines glow with warmth and color, the old man crept closer to the shrine of the Sacred Heart. With the deepening grayness outside, the religious light of the church rose like a tide to clutch and drown his resolution. He looked fearfully over his shoulder, but he was alone with stillness—a stillness that beat on his ear in an unknown language.

He was within reach now of the poor-box. Now he was so close upon it that he could feel his own breath return to him. One second—one second only lay between his fear and the money in that box. He had only to lift one hand to the cover, while he plunged the other inside. Beads of sweat broke out upon his forehead. Only one second, and he would be out of this dreadful stillness and on the safe and familiar street again.

The pattern-cutter braced himself and raised his two hands. They closed simultaneously upon the lifted cover and the cold coins within. And in that grip they became paralyzed, unable to move.

For, with the suddenness of that second, the stillness of the church was broken. A blinding flash of some mysterious lightning flung the shadows from the church and rounded the edifice with daylight. In the swift and unexpected brilliance there existed only one old man, struck into terrified stone. Then somewhere in the distance a bell began to ring.

The pattern-cutter returned to life. Dropping the cover of the poor box, and thrusting his money-clenched hand into his pocket, he staggered down the now darkened church and stumbled through the vestibule towards the steps.

He was met there on the steps by three figures—one in the black robe of a priest, the other two wearing the badges of detectives. Once more a white-faced trembling figure was carried off to justice—but this time his plea of not guilty would count for little. This time the money was in his pocket, and behind him, in the silence of the church, a flash light camera held the record of his act.

The next day the newspapers heralded the invention of one of the city's police men—a contrivance that had succeeded in taking the picture of the thief, ringing a bell of warning in the rectory, and notifying by the boom of the explosion the police station next door.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Warming Up"

THERE isn't much point to this Richard Dix picture, but it's good fun, just the same. The tale is of a rookie pitcher who gets a chance to try out with the Yankees because the owner's daughter has taken a fancy to him—what? Oh, don't be so pernickety! It's just a movie.

So, as we were saying, he joins the team on the Florida training trip and, of course, whiffs all the star hitters on his very first try-out; all, that is, except one. For Masher MacRae, the handsome and unscrupulous clean-up man of the Yankee batting order, is also in love with the owner's daughter, and he suspects what he suspects, so he puts a jinx on the boy moundsman.

The result of these machinations of Masher MacRae's is that the new pitcher (his name is Bert Tolliver) can't get one anywhere near the plate while MacRae is around. Conceive, then, his pleasure when MacRae is traded to Pittsburgh. Tolliver has a grand season and the Yankees win the American League pennant. But wait: the National League flag is copped by—guess who? Correct. Pittsburgh faces the Hugmen in the World's Series, and our hero not only has to see the unspeakable MacRae once more—he has to pitch to him. How he pitches to him, and what happens then, is too utterly exciting for words; you haven't the slightest idea how it all comes out, unless you have reached the age of four and one-half years and have seen at least one picture with an athlete for a hero.

Richard Dix and his supporting cast work with whole-souled energy that they may impart to this picture the buoyant good nature necessary to put across a film of its type. The Paramount sound devices used in connection with the showing are negligible in their effect. None of the characters speaks, but there is a running fire of kidding, cheering, singing, and orchestral effects going on all the time, and one can't quite decide whether they help the picture or hinder it.

The direction, by Fred Newmeyer, is good and the subtitles are excellent.

"Telling the World"

FOR years now—anyway, it seems like years—this well-intentioned reviewer has been going to William Haines pictures hoping to be able to say some of the nice things about William Haines which used to be sayable in his early career. It couldn't be done. Now Mr. Haines's all-wise employers have made some complimentary utterances possible by supplying this brilliant young star with a really first-rate picture.

True, he still does all kinds of killing stunts and shoots off his face in the subtitles; but he gets much more heavily sat on for it, and the whole effect is less nauseous, by a great deal, than in any of his recent offerings.

Perhaps the story has a lot to do with this result; it is by Dale Van Every and sets forth the adventures of young Don Davis, who is kicked out by his father and becomes a reporter. How he goes to the Blue Bird Café on a fake murder tip engineered by his office mates; how he finds that a real murder has been committed there; how he meets the girl who eventually becomes Mrs. Davis and courts her from hemisphere to hemisphere—all these things go to make up an amusing and often enthralling comedy-drama. Our hopes for the return of William Haines to sanity and normalcy were bolstered up no end by seeing it, and we trust the success it seems to be having will imbue the Messrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with a determination toward further efforts in Mr. Haines's behalf. Mr. Haines deserves them.

Two New Rolls-Royces

APPEARING with Richard Dix in "Warming Up" is a girl named Jean Arthur and playing opposite William Haines in "Telling the World" is another girl, whose name, for screen purposes, anyway, is Anita Page.

Both of these budding actresses contribute such extraordinarily talented performances in their respective rôles that it looks as if only the toughest kind of tough breaks could keep them from stardom and affluence. Ask any of the movie actresses what it is like to support a male star. If they don't know you very well, they will reply, with rapturously upcast eyes, that having the opportunity to act with Gregory Glostora has been "the most lahverly expeerence a girl could have."

But get one of them just a trifle off her guard some time. (It can be done.) What you will hear about the male idols of the screen will be an elephant's earful. They stick their hands, faces, and cigarettes in front of the lady's face; they wave handkerchiefs or walk around while she is trying to register something. They do anything and everything to keep her from "stealing the show," and, competition being what it is, they may not be so unjustified, at that.

But certainly, the leading ladies have a hard spot to fill; and when two newcomers bob up with the promise of the Misses Arthur and Page, and with the ability to surmount these aforementioned difficulties, they will bear watching. And they are two of the easiest girls to watch you ever saw.

Faces and Fortunes

DAILY to the film studios the Broadway troupers troop. Object—screen tests. On the results of these experimental negatives depends our future entertainment; for the passable actor or actress who "screens well" will be the one we shall see in the new movie-tone shows, rather than the ultra-accomplished stage artist who doesn't look well in celluloid. Heaven send that the gods, the make-up experts, and the cameramen be good to us, and spare us, miserable cinemas!

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By W. R. BROOKS

THE problem of cooking in summer homes was greatly simplified by the development of oil stoves which were dependable and safe. The old wood and coal stoves were hot and slow. Now a further advance has been made. Real gas is now available in cylinders for use in connection with gas stoves in sections which are out of reach of town and city gas mains. This is real gas, derived from natural gas, and is kept in steel containers outside the house and piped in to the stove. The gas is used exactly as regular city gas is used, and the results are the same. A dependable distribution service is maintained through several hundred distributing and service stations. Actual tests show that nearly eight hundred individual meals may be cooked with one cylinder. We should think this might solve the cooking problem in country homes, since it is bound to be more dependable than electricity, and cleaner and quicker than oil.

NEVER again will you have to make up excuses for having cut long slits in the best guest towels by wiping off your razor blades on them, for there is now on the market a lamp-shade to go over the shaving mirror which dries off the razor and blade and does away with the necessity for wiping. There is a recess on top of the shade into which you put the razor, and the heat from the lamp does the rest.

If the candles on your mantel droop and bend down and touch their toes in hot weather, you can get wooden candles, made for decorative purposes, which look like wax candles, and, of course, won't melt. Of course, if some week-end guest tries to light himself to bed with one of them, he will be out of luck.

If you are one of those housewives who follow cigarette and cigar smoking guests around with a dust-pan and a whisk-broom, we recommend the ash-receiver which is equipped with snap-on fasteners and can be fastened to a floor lamp or the leg of a bridge table. A few of these scattered around the room will save your floors.

THE street we live on isn't far from the docks, and occasional sailors with a day's leave ashore and nothing to spend wander into it, and, standing beneath our windows and those of our neighbors, bawl out sentimental ballads in hoarse bellows better tuned for competition with Atlantic gales than for the expression of such tender sentiments. Occasionally one will have a fiddle or an accordion, and once in a great while a group of these amateur musicians will combine to bang and blare sweet harmonies out of battered trombones, cornets, and drums. There was one big raw-boned Irishman who came every Sunday for several weeks armed only with one of those tin whistles that you used to buy in your childhood for ten cents. He was not in a class with the others, however. He was a genius. We would never have believed that one could draw such a gay, clear ripple of notes from an instrument which at our youthful lips used to give forth such appalling shrieks and wails.

We don't believe that these people earn a great deal of money by such dismal performances, but we have a certain amount of sympathy—yes, and of respect—for them. There is an earnestness about them that commands it. They are not beggars—much as they evidently need a little money; and they don't care how badly they play provided they get a few pennies. In the hope, therefore, that this may come under the eye of one of these virtuosi, we wish to call attention to a mouth organ which plays music rolls. You put in the roll, blow, and out comes a perfectly recognizable tune. Armed with one of these, we believe a man could reap quite a harvest of small change in the streets of New York.

We have two other suggestions for them—though perhaps we are a fool to reveal these, since if that grim arbiter of our destinies, the editor, should ever decide to dispense with our services, we should certainly be reduced to some such expedients. However— The first is to go into a telephone booth and insert a forefinger in the little recess into which your nickel falls when you have called a number that is busy. An incredibly large number of people apparently leave the booth without waiting to get their money back under these circumstances. A variation of this which we have heard of but never tried is to stuff a little paper in the slit above the recess through which the nickel falls. This stops the money from coming down, and you can come back in one or two days, pull out the paper, and collect your little handful of nickels. Such a scheme would work beautifully in New York, up in the neighborhood of the Grand Central Station, for instance, where there are hundreds of telephone booths in a very small radius. You could set your nickel traps and then go around and visit them every few days like a trapper in the Far North.

A second possibility is offered by the receptacle in the subway turnstiles into which all coins of the wrong size fall when put in the slot. Dimes and pennies fall through into the receptacle without allowing you to pass through the turnstile. And if you're in a hurry, you grumble and put in a nickel and go on without waiting to see where your penny or dime has gone. These two schemes could undoubtedly be worked together. We suggest that it might be wise to carry a small canvas sack to put the money in, as the weight of so much silver and nickel and copper would drag the pockets out of shape in a short time.

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Jazz Operatics in Paris

By EUGENE BONNER

Paris.

THE visitor who arrives in Paris for the seven days towards the end of June, commonly known as the Grande Semaine, finds himself almost overwhelmed with the brilliance, the dizzying whirl, and the breathless turmoil of one thing rushing onto and falling over the heels of another, and can scarcely decide where to turn, quite bewildered by the *embarras de richesse* in the way of entertainment, amusements, or diversions beckoning from every side.

The present week is no exception to the rule—in fact, things seem a little more hectic than usual, even to one just arrived from that capital on the Danube which has never lacked a reputation for liveliness.

All the opera houses are going full blast, Diaghileff is showing off his ballet at the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt, concert halls are in violent eruption, while music halls and cinemas are jammed to the doors with people of all kinds, colors, and nationalities, not excluding, to quote a classic aria, the Argentines *and* the Greeks!

The great ex-Premier of Poland gave a piano recital that made most recent entertainments of that particular kind seem like the playing of brilliant students, that erstwhile infant prodigy Jascha Heifetz, now a mature artist, fiddled away for all he was worth, singers sang, dancers danced, and actors acted, while out at Auteuil the horses have been racing their poor heads nearly off—all to make what would seem to be a Franco-American holiday, our British friends across the Channel being rather too busy with their own *fin de saison* activities to be able to be here in such large numbers as their cousins from the States.

Undoubtedly the most interesting event of the week was the first performance here of the much-discussed jazz opera of Ernest Krenek, "Jonny mène la Danse" ("Johnny spielt auf"), which, according to announcements, we are to hear at the Metropolitan Opera House this coming winter.

The Théâtre des Champs Elysées, with its somewhat complicated modern simplicity, was unusually well suited to house the première of this "new" opera. The place was packed to the doors with an audience hoping cheerfully for the worst which they didn't get. A few feeble attempts at a "demonstration" were made, it is true, but they were half-hearted, and the chief emotion displayed was one of disappointment or polite boredom—a few passages bringing forth ribald laughter which soon died of its own lack of momentum.

Apart from the fact that the dominating character in the piece is an American Negro, leader of a jazz band, the story of the opera is neither very exciting nor amusing. It concerns Max, a young composer who prefers to live amid the glacial solitudes of the Alps, whence he draws his musical inspiration. Prowling one day in the snow and ice, he meets Anita, a young singer, who has lost her way—and small wonder if you had seen that scenery. They are mutually attracted, etc., etc., and he goes to stay with her in her apartment in "a city of Central Europe." So far, so good.

Now Anita has to leave for Paris, where she is to create the leading rôle in a new opera by Max. The gay life of that city apparently goes to her head to the extent that she's on the point of succumbing to the ebon charms of Johnny, the Negro jazz player of the hotel, when she is rescued just in time by Daniello, a celebrated violinist, who happens to occupy the adjoining room in this conveniently arranged hotel. Anita transfers her affections with a flip-flop to the handsome violinist, and the two of them, after a love duet apparently learned from the virtuosos of the house-tops, disappear into the room of Anita. The Negro Johnny, from a point of vantage observes matters, and in a jealous rage slips into Daniello's room and steals his beloved violin.

The next morning, after her side-slip with Daniello, Anita has come to the realization that, after all, it's Max and Max only that she loves—Max, who has been keeping the home fires burning in Central Europe, to say nothing of putting flowers all about the room in anticipation of her return. It was this flower-scattering, waiting-at-the-window à la Madame Butterfly, that so moved the risibilities of the first-night audience.

On the point of leaving Paris Anita offers her ring to Daniello as a memento of their somewhat precipitate amour. To revenge himself both for her desertion of him and for the loss of his violin, Daniello sends the ring to Max by Yvonne, Anita's new maid, who is also Johnny's mistress (fast worker, that boy).

Max abandons Anita and takes to the tall mountains. In an Alpine hotel he hears on the radio the voice of Anita; at the same time Daniello hears his stolen Amati being played by Johnny. Max sails off in pursuit of Anita, Daniello of Johnny. The Negro, almost caught by the police, leaves the violin in a railway station, with the luggage belonging to Max, who is arrested as the thief.

In the hullabaloo which follows Daniello is squashed under the wheels of a locomotive and Max and Anita are reunited, while the great globe-shaped station clock descends, showing us the New-World Johnny on top, sawing away for dear life, while the Old World dances to his fiddling.

Undoubtedly Mr. Krenek, who shows throughout this score indisputable evidence of being a musician of no small ability, has intended the whole opera as a satirical comment on the music, habits, customs, and what-not of this present age of ours. Unfortunately, satire to be effective should be deftly handled—not whanged into us with a sledge-hammer, as it is in this case.

The opera is too long and the big moments somehow or other manage to miss fire. The jazz parts are the least interesting passages in the piece, while the rest of the work consists for the most part of long stretches of dreary ugliness, the voice parts being unbelievably disagreeable to the ear.

Now the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, on the grounds of morality, still refuse to allow the Strauss "Salome" to reappear on its sacred boards. These same gentlemen are now going to treat us instead to the spectacle of an American Negro of a pretty low order making love quite impartially to two white women, one of them his mistress.

Not that we would give a rap should the entire faubourg of Harlem debouch onto the stage of the Metropolitan . . . but it *is* funny.

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The Financial Position of Mexico

By

THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE alarm of Mexico's creditors over the assassination of General Obregon, the President-elect, was clearly registered on the New York Stock Exchange, where all Mexican bonds sold off sharply, some of them depreciating almost as much as fifteen per cent. Inasmuch as this murder threatened the comparative stability which has prevailed below the Rio Grande since 1920, there was real justification for these declines. If, however, President Calles can find some constitutional way of holding his present office for two consecutive terms, Mexico's financial position may be even stronger than it would have been if the President-elect had lived.

President Calles, some American financiers believe, is a stronger man and a more capable executive than General Obregon ever was. Both favored the same general policies, but President Calles perhaps ran the Government more efficiently and more economically, thereby making more funds available for the payments of Mexico's foreign debts, most of them owed to the United States.

The character and ability of the President now are of particular importance to holders of Mexican bonds, because a new schedule of payments will be negotiated before very long. Two American experts—Joseph E. Sterrett, who served for two years with Agent-General for Reparations S. Parker Gilbert as the American member of the Transfer Committee, and Dr. Joseph S. Davis, of Leland Stanford University—have just returned from a comprehensive study of the Mexican financial and economic situation, and their report will be used as the basis for a new agreement covering interest payments. They went at the invitation of the Mexican Government and as representatives of the Bondholders' Committee. The Committee, of which T. W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan & Co., is chairman, represents the holders of virtually all of the foreign and a substantial proportion of the internal bonds, their aggregate value amounting to a little more than half a billion dollars.

The latest schedule of payments, known as the Lamont-Pani agreement, drawn up in October, 1925, after negotiations between the Committee and the Mexican Government, was effective through 1927. This arrangement superseded the Lamont-de la Huerta agreement of June, 1922. No payments at all had been made since the end of 1914 and only erratic ones since the fall of Diaz in 1911. The 1922 schedule, which called for increasingly large payments over a period of five years, running from $15,000,000 in the first year to $25,000,000 in the fifth, broke down because of the Mexican Government's extraordinarily large expenditures incident to the suppression of the de la Huerta revolution of 1923–4. The more lenient 1925 schedule did not prove to be an unbearable burden.

It had been hoped at the time that the Lamont-Pani agreement was approved that this year would have seen the resumption of full service on the bonds, but the Bondholders' Committee as well as the Mexican Government realized that this was impossible. The Government's income from oil revenues had been reduced to the point where it became obvious that a plan of modified payments would be necessary. The report of Mr. Sterrett and Dr. Davis probably will indicate what the new schedule will be. This is the first time that the Mexican Government, which gave the experts the fullest co-operation, have offered to approach the problem in such a scientific manner.

The new agreement will recognize the fact that the present depression may be temporary. Mexico's income should increase substantially. One of the reasons for the drop in oil production was the dispute between the Government and the American oil companies. Now that this dispute has been settled to the satisfaction of both parties by the judicial decision that the new laws could not deprive the American companies of any rights they enjoyed prior to March 1, 1927, output should swell again, although it will never again be as large as it was six years ago.

Unfortunately, Mexico's burden of debts is not limited to its bonds. Foreign governments have claims against the Government amounting to a billion dollars, resulting from damages during periods of revolution and from alleged confiscation of real property by the Mexican Government. No one believes seriously that anything remotely approaching the full amount of the claims will be paid. The claimants will be lucky if they collect as much as two or three per cent of the sum. In the 1868 claims settlement with Mexico this country recovered only $4,125,000, or .9 per cent of aggregate claims of $470,126,000.

The seven claims commissions now functioning with other nations, nevertheless, are unwieldy and expensive. They cost Mexico about half a million dollars a year. It is believed that Ambassador Morrow is trying to simplify the problem by arranging for specific payments to the various nations. The foreign governments then could distribute these sums among their citizens who have made claims. Such a settlement would undoubtedly benefit both the Mexican Government and the claimants.

Mexico's creditors would be foolish if they considered their position too secure. The chaos that followed the order of the Diaz régime and the eighty years of her history during which her bonds were in complete default stand as warnings against over-optimism. The present situation, moreover, is certainly far from satisfactory. Current revenues are too small to permit payment of full bond interest. The Mexican Government insists on making fairly large capital expenditures out of income. There is the possibility that President Calles will have to surrender office to some untried candidate. Certainly it will be many years before the country can again borrow foreign money, as she did under Diaz, on a 4.1 per cent basis.

But many aspects of the situation are decidedly pleasing. The present Administration is the strongest of the last twenty-five years. The American Ambassador is probably the most capable representative that we have ever had in that country. The representatives of Mexico and her creditors are working together in closer harmony than they have for many years. All in all, things might be much worse.

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The Traveled Engine

A Tale for Children

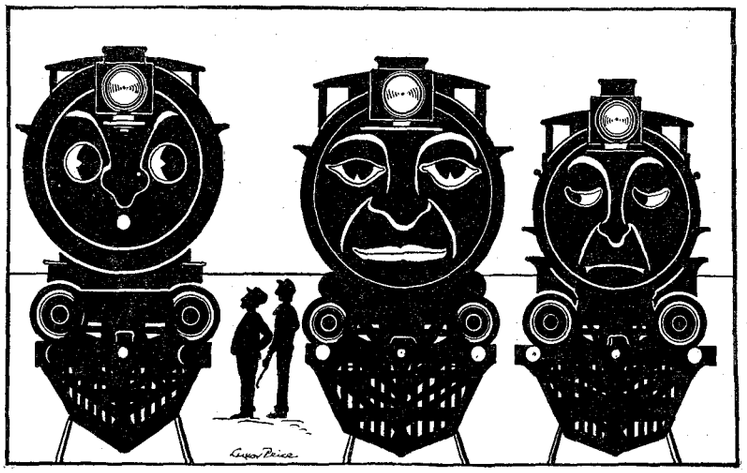
By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Luxor Price

WHEN Mrs. Wolf was small Dorothy, visiting her Kansas cousins, the children begged over and over for William Dean Howells's story of "The Pony Engine and the Pacific Express." Finally one night her exhausted aunt declared: "I just can't tell that story again."

"That's all right," consoled her small son. "Tell us one just like it." And so "The Traveled Engine" began.

With aid of time-tables, railroad maps, and view books, the Engine soon became a source of family education, and when, years later, Mrs. Wolf introduced it into her own nursery school, little chaps of two and three to whom "geography" was an unknown word clamored enthusiastically: "Let's play Traveled Engine."



The new engine listening to the sophisticated talk of his elders

The Traveled Engine

As remembered by Dorothy Hunley Wolf

ONCE upon a time there was a big bright new engine. But alas! he had never been anywhere. His bell had never rung "Ding, dong!" his whistle had never tooted; no smoke had ever puffed from his shiny new smoke-stack and no steam ever hissed from his sides. When he heard older engines talking, he felt very young and green, for they seemed to have traveled everywhere.

One engine had seen prairie-dogs sitting on their sandy houses.

Another had passed mountains covered with snow in midsummer.

Another told of Indian and adobe huts on the prairie.

Another had seen real oranges and lemons growing on trees.

And another had been in a wreck! He was a badly smashed old chap, used only about the yard, but quite a hero to his fellows.

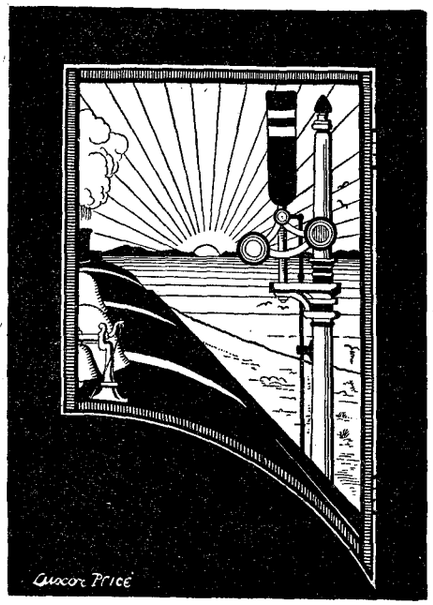
Only the young new engine had seen nothing.

One day an engineer and a fireman came and looked him all over very carefully. "This is the engine for us," they said. "We'll make a test trip and drive it through to"— but the rest he could not hear. The engine trembled with excitement.

"At last," thought he, "I shall go somewhere and see something. I shall be a traveled engine."

Then the engineer oiled him and the fireman shoveled him with coal until he was roaring red hot and the steam began to hiss from his sides. He felt a long train of cars hitched to his tender and heard the voices of busy brakemen and porters and passengers coming and going.

"Ding, dong!" rang his shiny new bell. "Toot, toot!" piped his whistle. "Puff-ff!" went the smoke from his shiny new smoke-stack, and the white steam hissed gloriously from his sides.



The new engine sees the Pacific

"We're off!" said the engineer and the fireman.

"A-a-a-a-l-l-l a-boa-ar-rd!" sang the porters, and away went the engine on his first trip. Far ahead stretched his two rails, shiny and exciting. "H-m-m-m!" sang the engine; "h-m-m-m!" so proud of his own puffings and tootings and ding-dongings and hissings that he forgot to look where he was going.

"Great wheels and brakes!" he thought suddenly. "Much good it will do to be traveled if I don't notice where I've been." So he stopped listening to his puffings and tootings and ding-dongings and hissings and began to look about.

The city lay far behind and he was rushing through small towns and villages and long stretches of country where children stood and waved. He would have liked to toot "Hello!" to every one, but the engineer hurried him past. Presently he rumbled over a long bridge across the wide, muddy Mississippi River.

"I'm glad I'm not a boat," thought the engine. "Shiny rails are better than muddy water."

And on and on he hummed, through corn fields and past creeks and houses and fence rails and trees and trees and trees—he hadn't known there were so many trees in the world.

(*Please turn to continuation, page 557*)

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

"A Proper Champion"

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Two Forsyte Interludes," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"A PROPER champion"—that is what Soames's chauffeur calls his employer. Soames's chauffeur! everybody's chauffeur, "that man" who never will stop to ask the way until he has gone long past the right turning, who gets into every possible traffic jam, whose tires puncture at the most inconvenient times. He is only one of the scores of people who live in the world of Galsworthy's creation, just as surely and far more permanently than those who live in the streets and houses built by hands.

With "Swan Song" "The Forsyte Saga" comes to an end. When the whole thing, novels and interludes, is bound in two volumes and called, we hope, "The Story of the Forsytes"—for "Saga" has about it a threatening of black ice and ravens, which does not fit these people of the "green and pleasant land"—it will constitute one of the most considerable of contributions to English fiction. That it is already one of the most important, no one can doubt. There are among Galsworthy's contemporaries and among writers of a younger generation story-tellers more brilliant, stylists more elegant, philosophers more esoteric. But there is no novelist so great in achievement. Galsworthy's work must be judged as a whole. Some of the separate novels are not so good as others, and "Swan Song" is not the best. It is the total work which establishes Galsworthy's high position.

Galsworthy's knowledge of the human heart is vast, and he has written it into a long story of men fighting to hold what they have in the face of time and change. And as he writes of Soames, the man of property, the "proper champion" of the old order, he is himself a proper champion of the old English novel of manners. It seems unlikely that another will soon arise to handle so stoutly the weapons of Fielding, Jane Austen, Thackeray, and Trollope. There is no one in England to do it, although there are plenty there who test their strength on those weapons. Here the only one among the young writers who might is more likely to turn in Proust's direction than in Galsworthy's. The special type, the peculiar problem, the small group, holds the interest of contemporary novelists. Probes which reach into the mazes of the abnormal make but tiny openings onto the great normal world. Brevity, the soul of wit surely, but not the soul of wisdom, gets in her deadly work everywhere. Strong language sometimes conceals superficial thought. And the solitary masters who lift their heads above the press of men are looking toward other roads than that which Galsworthy has followed. The old order in writing changes also. But has it ever been fixed? What we call the old English novel was a thing of slow growth, constant alteration, and comparatively recent flowering. In art, as in life, the "Eternal Mood" is at work. Michael Mont, and Galsworthy, sing the Swan Song at once for Soames and for that old order: "Who could arrest the moving Mood—who wanted to? And if some pale possessor like that poor old chap tried and succeeded for a moment, the stars twinkled just a little more when he was gone. To have and to hold. As though they could!"

The "Two Forsyte Interludes," which come in order before "Swan Song," tell the story of the wooing of an American girl, Anne Wilmot, by young Jolyon, who loved Fleur and gave her up to save his mother's face, and of Soames's chance glimpse of Irene leaning over the piano in the little parlor of a Washington hotel. They are charming in themselves, and "Passers-By" contains passages that are among Galsworthy's richest, but their principal interest is for readers of the whole "Saga."

"Swan Song," although best as the closing chapter of the long story and containing certain elements (the Stainford incidents and the Meads reclamation business) which would not be necessary if it stood alone as a novel, is still entirely enjoyable by those who have never heard of old Jolyon and Montagu Dartie, Irene and Robin Hill. It is the story of Fleur Mont, daughter of Soames, the man of property, and of her encounter with her girlhood lover, young Jon, who comes back to England with his American wife. During the general strike, which opens the book, Fleur runs a canteen for volunteer railroad workers. It is another employment for her restless energy, her ambition, and her executive ability. Jon, stoking an engine, comes in for coffee on an early morning. Fleur sees him, and "it was within her heart as if, in winter, she had met honeysuckle." Her whole being focuses upon the determination to meet and claim him. Every one fights her, including Jon. Soames's days become a wretched speculation on what she is thinking and planning and a search for means of holding her back. Michael, her husband, alone stands aside. No one can do anything. Fleur, the spoiled darling, the bull-headed young modern, has been frustrated once, and now is determined. She wins, inevitably, but only to meet total and equally inevitable defeat, for Jon leaves her at once for his wife, and they

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THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Reviewed in this issue.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. Further exploits of detective Philo Vance.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This love story of three generations will touch and please any adult reader. It is tragic, truthful, and beautifully written. Reviewed last week.

"The Age of Reason," by Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Only the very gullible will be entertained by this platitudinous melodrama. Reviewed last week.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed February 22.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Readers of Ludwig's great biographies will be interested in this, if only to see how badly the biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck can fail. Reviewed last week.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you enjoy light verse, this is the very best.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. And this, second best. Reviewed June 6.

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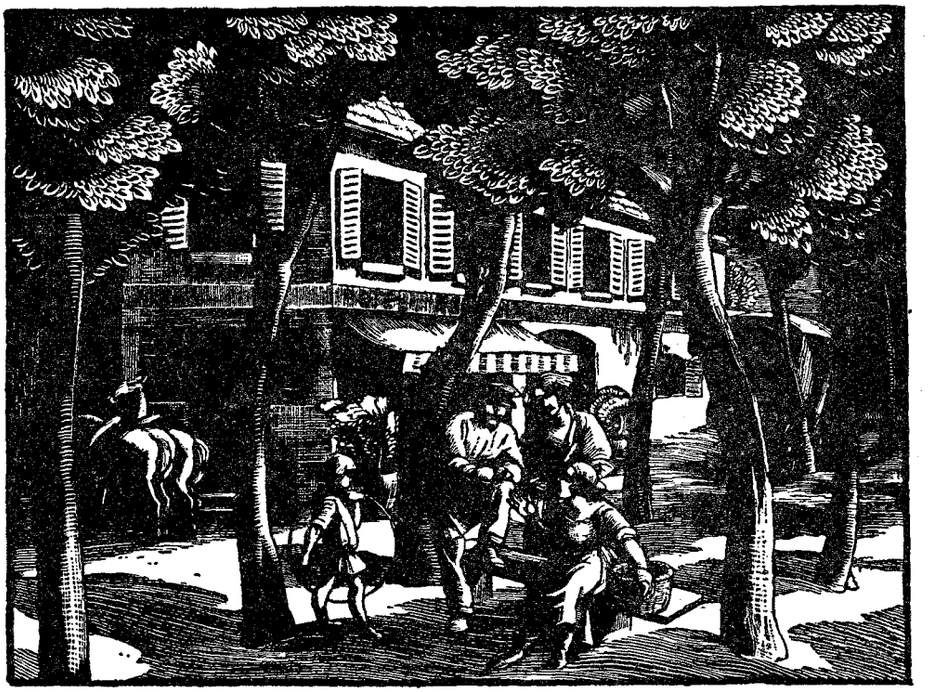
both know that this parting is final. And Soames knows it; but his relief is only for a moment. Of her anguish, he, who loves her better than himself, is only another spectator. She tries to get herself killed in a fortuitous accident, and Soames saves her and "takes the ferry" himself. In the moment of his death he has snatched from destruction his beloved, his ultimate property. Michael forgives Fleur, as Soames knew he would, and as Soames could not forgive Irene. The old order has changed.

It is not our intention in this review to discuss Galsworthy's work, or "The Forsyte Saga" as a whole. That we hope to do in a future paper. In "Swan Song" Galsworthy maintains, as always, a fine detachment from his characters, an attitude of irony without bitterness or superiority, of compassion without softness. As Carl Van Doren once said of his work, "it absorbs the troubled lives of men into the serenity of art."



"MIDI"

A woodcut by Barbara Greg

Courtesy of the St. George's Gallery

American History in Three Novels

"Shadow of the Long Knives," by Thomas Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons.
"The Cavalier of Tennessee," by Meredith Nicholson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
"With Malice Toward None," by Honoré Willsie Morrow. William Morrow & Co.

If even so exciting a period as the Elizabethan, which the dullest of textbooks cannot smother, is made more vivid and enthralling by such stories as "Westward Ho!" how much more may American history, which has a way of lagging, be enlivened by historical romance! Three books on the table of midsummer reading have to do with American history, and two of them, at least, are excellent and exciting reading.

Thomas Boyd's novel is a story of the frontier along the Ohio River and between Pittsburgh and Detroit in the twenty-five years before and during the Revolution. It recounts the life and adventures of Angus McDermott, a trader and scout in the service of the British. Beginning his career under Lord Dunmore, he is thereafter sent as Indian agent to the fort at Detroit, where he remains until the Revolution. He knows little and understands less about the quarrel between colonies and King. His work and his heart are with the Indians, and it is not until he sees them betrayed by the British that he throws in his lot with his own people and joins the army of Mad Anthony Wayne. His son, a stanch young American, has long since turned his back on his father and become a Continental soldier; and his wife, the frontier girl whom he has met in the first chapter of the book and later found again and rescued from an Indian village, has been torn between her husband and her son, her love for her own folks back in Carolina and her faith in her husband's vision; and his old comrades, now revolutionaries, have scorned him as a traitor. The book ends upon his rehabilitation in the esteem of all these people and his decision to be done with his "trapsin'" and become a settler himself. Boyd's interest is primarily in character. He does his frontiersmen well, and his Indians—in fact, we don't recall more impressive or credible Indians in any book. And Charity Wilkinson, the splendid frontier woman, raised under the shadow of scalping-knives and in the smell of Indian-burned cabins, and living always in hardship and usually in loneliness, is a character to remember after the rest is forgotten. In dialogue Thomas Boyd shows his early experience in writing of the last war. His men sound as though they might do the things they do. But he has read up a little too much on his period and not assimilated his reading so that his knowledge has become part of himself. The characters of his story are real enough, but its scenes are not spread like life before our eyes. In the very best historical novels the reader stands as though upon a height looking out over the great panorama of a past age, where men live again as they once did. The "Shadow of the Long Knives" is not one of these. But it is good reading and kindles the imagination with the thought of great days in America.

Meredith Nicholson we recall as a good journeyman novelist. He is rather more than that in "The Cavalier of Tennessee." This is the story of Andrew Jackson from his early manhood to his entrance into the White House, and it does for his life what Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror" did for Alexander Hamilton's; it makes it interesting, even fascinating, to those who would not open a biography. Nicholson has done what every writer of a fictionalized biography must hope to do: he has embodied an actual personality in a good story. Old Hickory in the pages of his book arouses the enthusiasm of the reader much as he aroused, in life, that of his fellows. The romantic love of Jackson

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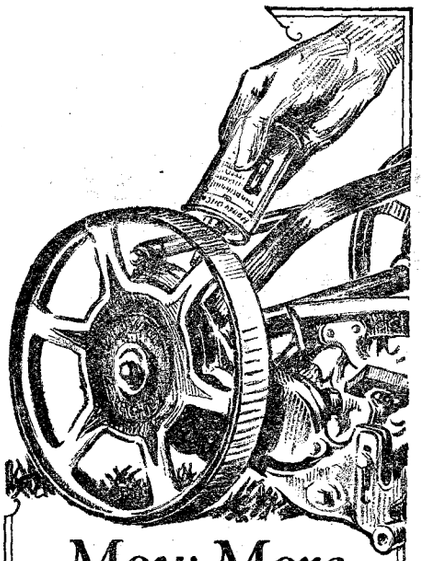

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and Rachel Robards, who became after so much trouble his wife and who continued, as long as he lived and long after she did, to be his inspiration and solace, is, of course, given first importance, because this is a romantic novel. But public history is not slighted. The fire-eater's years as county prosecutor and as young soldier are well done; there is much interesting detail, real characters appear and are made to live, historical scenes are vivified. The contrasts between Nashville, where Jackson was the beloved and dreaded tyrant, humorous, generous, quick to courtesy as to wrath, and Washington and New Orleans, where he was the troublesome social lion, are entertaining. The whole Jacksonian period is vague to many Americans who know a little about Columbus, the Revolution, the Civil War, and not much else. In treating Jackson, this picturesque and powerful American, and his time in a way at once so readable and so sound Nicholson does them a service as he offers them a pleasure.

Honoré Willsie Morrow has already written one story about Lincoln, "Forever Free." This second one covers the last two years of the Civil War, preceding the fall of Richmond, and is largely concerned with the bitter struggle over reconstruction policy between Lincoln and Senator Sumner. Into it enter such characters as Stanton, the Secretary of War, Grant, General Butler, and many others whose names, at least, are familiar. Lincoln has not often appeared successfully in fiction, and never as the protagonist of a long novel. We suspect that he will not fit into fiction as the central character of a story. There have been men too great for even that honorable shrine. They live in the imaginations of men. Mrs. Morrow cannot manage him, however earnest her effort. Sentimentality creeps in. But her lesser characters are better, and her picture of Mary Todd Lincoln, that unfortunate woman who was set by fate upon a peak too dizzy for her to hold after her colossal prop was gone, is sympathetically and successfully drawn. The book may well give high school boys and girls some understanding of the political difficulties which beset Lincoln, and may help them to see Civil War days in Washington. But it will hardly hold them spellbound, as a story of Lincoln ought to do. Sincere and praiseworthy as is Mrs. Morrow's attempt, there is nothing in her book to fire the young heart for Lincoln. For that the best tinder and flint can be found in a few photographs, excerpts of Sandburg's "Life," and a reading of the Gettysburg speech and of the letter to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston.

The Self-Made Magician

By MILTON BYRON

"Houdini: His Life Story," by Harold Kellock. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

We have always admired Houdini—regarded him more or less with that awe that one reserves for supernatural beings. Now, however, since reading this book, our admiration for him is increased, but it is an entirely different kind. Houdini was no superman. He was a plain, ordinary human being with a predilection for things magical and a strong determination to stand at the head of that precarious profession. The story of his life is even more glamourous than that of most celebrities because his success was due entirely to hard work. Lady Luck, the patron saint of the theatrical profession, did not smile on Houdini. He worked hard for his career and deserved every bit of the fame that eventually came his way.

Houdini, né Ehrich Weiss, began to show promise at the age of nine, when he could hang head downwards and pick up needles with his eyelids. Feeling himself to be a burden to his father, an impecunious rabbi, he ran away from home and joined a circus under the name of Houdini, which he took from Robert-Houdin, his boyhood hero. He spent every extra cent on books of magic and every spare moment studying them, and perfected himself in a number of unusual feats of magic at an early age, but he was unable to gain recognition.

While still very young he married a girl he hardly knew, who was to be the only intimate friend he ever had. Having led a very sheltered life, she was horrified at many of the things he was able to do and thought at first that she had married the "Devil." However, he gradually initiated her into the ways of magic, and she plunged herself wholeheartedly into his work and helped him in every way possible. He and his child-wife played the "Dime Museum" circuit, giving twenty performances a day, for which they received twenty-five dollars a week jointly, but even then he billed himself as "The Great Houdini." He knew! If ever there was a self-made man, if ever a man achieved greatness through sheer will to succeed, that man was Houdini.

His forte was his phenomenal ability to escape from all forms of restraint, but his first love was magic. He thought of himself primarily as a magician and only used his escapes as an incidental part of his act. It was Gene Buck who finally persuaded him to abandon his minor feats of magic and specialize in miraculous escapes. But even when he did this Houdini had a long, hard strug-

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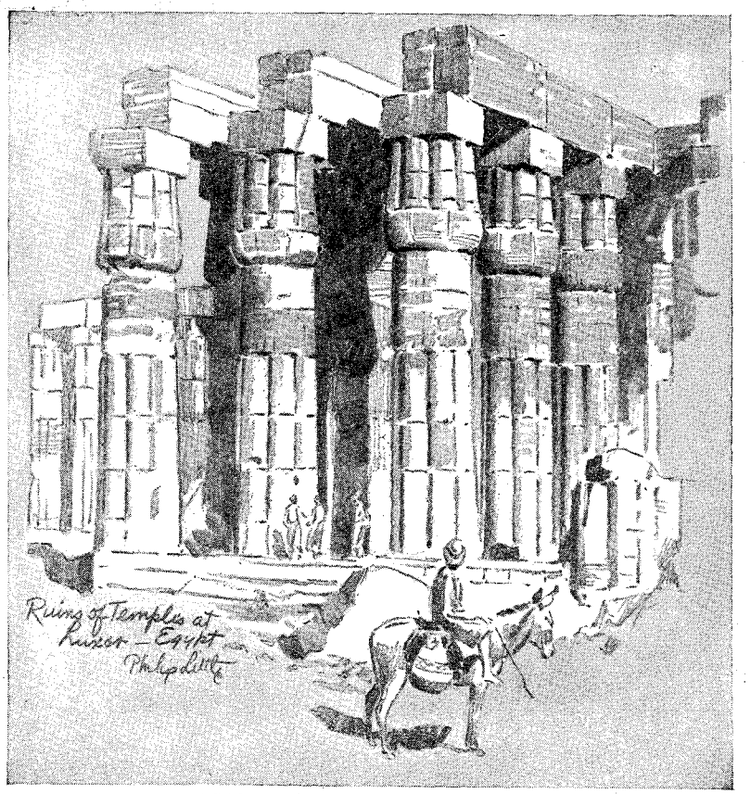
gle before his native country would accept him. Vaudeville managers were skeptical of mystery mongers and did not realize that he was in a class by himself. He could not break into the "Big Time" circuit and New York City was particularly cold to him. It was not until he became an international sensation that New York newspaper men began to take him seriously and think of him in terms of copy. His first success was on the Continent. Here he could command "top billing" and a good salary, but he still had many difficulties to combat. His principal drawing card was a high dive, manacled, into a river before his appearance in a city, and the European authorities frowned upon this. In fact, he was arrested and fined for this offense many times.

This book is notable because it is compiled from Houdini's own diary and from his wife's recollections of him. It is therefore the authentic story of the human side of this man whom many people refused to accept as human. It is doubtful if any one man was ever composed of more complex and incongruous characteristics than Harry Houdini. One of his outstanding characteristics was his absolute lack of a sense of proportion—at least from the point of view of the public. He would devote whole pages of his diary to visiting the graves of famous magicians, having a tooth pulled, or being seasick; and would dismiss one of his outstanding triumphs or a narrow escape from death with the brief comment: "Put it over. Worked like hell." He sent a needy vaudeville acquaintance five hundred dollars and then stormed and cursed because his secretary spilled ink on the envelope and had to use another.

His great loves were diversified: himself, his career, his mother, his wife, and his wife's family. At odd times during his career he delved passionately into literature, art, aviation, and Spiritualism. He was one of the first men to fly an airplane, but his interest in that soon waned. He wrote a few short stories in an attempt to improve his wife's taste in literature, and he also wrote an exposé of his erstwhile hero, Robert-Houdin, and a book about magicians and their methods. Most of his money was spent on books and he had a remarkably fine library, a large part of which consisted of old and rare books on magic, theatre programs, and play-bills.

Houdini was generally conceded to be a cultured man, although his culture dated from the time a manager ventured to correct him when he said, "Ladies and gentleman, you can see I ain't got nothing up my sleeves." When he learned that this was incorrect, he dropped it



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like a red-hot iron and, so far as the book discloses, was never again guilty of any grammatical errors. Houdini was extremely vain. He must be the featured performer wherever he was playing or he would refuse to appear. When he thought he was not getting sufficient advertising, he would take matters in his own hands and pass out handbills for the show on the street. He was absolutely ruthless in dealing with any impostors who claimed to be able to duplicate any of his tricks, but, in general, he was easy to get along with and was always ready and willing to lend a helping hand to others. His greatest fear was that people would make fun of him. He could not bear to hear any humorous allusions to his work when he was being introduced to the public.

Contrary to the blurb on the jacket, this book does not give Houdini's secrets to the world, but it does throw some light on them. It disproves the popular belief that he was able to slip handcuffs over his wrists. He always opened them. He made an exhaustive study of locks and invented a small pick-lock, which he sometimes used. He always had it concealed on his person, but, despite being stripped and searched thoroughly before all his more spectacular performances, it was never found.

Houdini's powers were not a gift. He spent hours every day practicing new tricks and perfecting his old ones so that they would not tax his strength and energy too much. He even had a specially constructed bathtub in his home in which he practiced holding his breath under water. It is also interesting to know that there were several occasions on which he became acutely worried and almost despaired of being able to effect an escape. Needless to say, the audience never suspected this. Another rather tangible evidence of his humanness is that he worked desperately on a lock in a Scotch prison for several minutes before he accidentally discovered that it had not been locked in the first place. This book does explain how he did one seemingly impossible trick which greatly puzzled New York audiences. The explanation is so absurdly simple that one has the feeling that the disappearance of the elephant from the Hippodrome stage could have been just as easily explained had he cared to do so. It also tells how certain effects of psychic phenomena are achieved by fraudulent mediums. Houdini believed that his knowledge would not do anybody any good and that, in many ways, it might do immeasurable harm. This is undeniably true, but one feels that the element of vanity was present here also. The name "Houdini" must live, and there must be no possibility of his fame being dimmed by a successor.

For many years following his professional début Houdini was the world's worst showman; towards the end of his career he was considered to be the world's greatest showman, not excepting P. T. Barnum. Even when he embarked on his career as an evangelist to stamp out the evils of fake Spiritualism, he never for a moment forgot his showmanship.

This book, in addition to being one of the greatest success stories ever written, is an authentic and thoroughly human biography of one of the cleverest and most unique personalities in the theatrical world.

The Movies

(*See page 547*)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
"The Big Killing."—Beery and Hatton. Funny in spots.
"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
"The Cossacks."—John Gilbert obeys the current behest to "keep smiling."
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.
"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."
"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
"How to Handle Women."—It doesn't tell you how, or anything.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
"Ladies of the Mob."—Clara Bow gets a chance to act in this one.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"The Lion and the Mouse."—Lionel Barrymore talks—making this picture worth going to.
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"The Magnificent Flirt."—Sophisticated and funny, with Florence Vidor and Albert Conti.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
"The Michigan Kid."—One unusually clever double-exposure sequence.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
"The News Parade."—The cameraman and his adventures. Pleasant enough.
"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.
"The Red Dance."—Pulled through by Raoul Walsh's stalwart direction.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"Something Always Happens."—An amusing little thriller, with the ornamental Esther Ralston.
"Steamboat Bill, Jr."—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.
"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper."—Out of the ordinary.
"Tempest."—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Francis Beeding's
The Six Proud Walkers
Little, Brown

What connection did the Six Proud Walkers have with the madman who was shot in the Campagna—the reference is not to one of the lesser-known internal organs, but to the plain that surrounds Rome—with the mysterious Dr. Palumbini, the Italian Prime Minister, and the massacre of Italian workmen in Albania? Who were the Six, anyway? With the help of Colonel Granby, Geoffrey Carroll found out and averted another war, although he had some very trying experiences and missed death by rather less than half a hair's-breadth before he did so. We have read quite a lot about tortures for one not professionally interested, but there is one in here that was new to us—and quite horrid. And the wanderings of the two friends in the catacombs thrilled us—particularly after the matches gave out. Considerably better than the average international intriguer.

Richard Keverne's
The Strange Case of William Cook
Harpers

Old Jean, the waiter of the Natation Café, was dying, alone and in poverty. When good-natured Richard Culver heard this, he went over to see what he could do for the old man. Jean gave him a letter to deliver, and then, to Culver's amazement, repeated in perfect public-school English the Lord's Prayer. Then he went and died before Culver could ask any questions. We liked Culver. He dashed over to England and delivered the letter; then scenting a mystery, instead of deciding that it was none of his business, he did what any ordinarily curious person would do—hung around and tried to solve it. He made all sorts of stupid blunders, suspected the right people and let the wrong people take him in, embarrassed his friends—but in the end he did get the goods on the mysterious William Cook. You'll like this one. There's some attempt at characterization, and the mystery is sufficiently breathless.

The Famous Trials Series
Scribners

Here is meat for the murder lovers—five famous criminal cases told in full, just as they happened, with no ghastly detail omitted. There is *The Trial of Professor Webster,* in which a professor at Harvard murdered a Boston philanthropist; *The Trial of Patrick Mahon,* who killed and dismembered his mistress in a lonely seaside bungalow; *The Trial of the Detectives,* in which officials of Scotland Yard became involved in the crimes of a crippled master crook and his gang; *The Mysterious Murder of Maria Martens,* whose burial place was revealed by a dream; and *The Peltzer Case,* which created almost as much stir in Europe in the '80's as the Dreyfus affair. Several more of this series are in preparation, including *Landru* and *The Trial of Chester Gillette.* The detective-story fan who is weary of the criminals and the detectives of fiction will find the real thing here.

The Traveled Engine

(*Continued from page 551*)

By this time dark had come, but his big new headlight made the rails as bright as day and he could see far ahead down the track and far out to each side. Now he was coming to a city, for houses and factories grew thicker, and other engines passed him with a roar. Soon the engineer stopped him in a covered station, while passengers climbed off and others climbed on.

Again his bell rang, his whistle tooted, the smoke puffed from his smoke-stack, and the steam hissed gloriously from his sides. The engine was off through broad prairie lands and quiet wheat fields. Houses grew fewer and fewer and the sleeping towns smaller and smaller. All night he roared and hummed, and as dawn came he noticed the earth had grown quite sandy. And there were prairie-dogs, sitting up on their houses, just as the older engine had said!

He stopped in another city, but soon he was on his way again. But why did he have to work so hard to pull his long train of coaches? Louder and louder he puffed. "Phew!" he panted. "Phew! Puff, puff! What's the matter? I feel so up in the front!" Sure enough, he was going up and up and up. And there were high mountains with snow on top, just as the older engine had said.

"I'm up in the clouds!" shouted the engine, and the next minute: "I'm all down in the front." Sure enough, he was going down, down, down-hill, until he reached level ground once more. He had crossed his first mountain.

"Whee-ee!" whistled the engine. "Why does that fireman keep shoveling coal into me? I'm too hot now." For he was chugging across the sandy desert full of sage-brush, with now and then an Indian or an adobe hut. He had never seen such a beautiful blue sky or such sparkling sands. But where were all the trees? Ah, there was one, and another and another—with, sure enough, real oranges and lemons hanging to their branches.

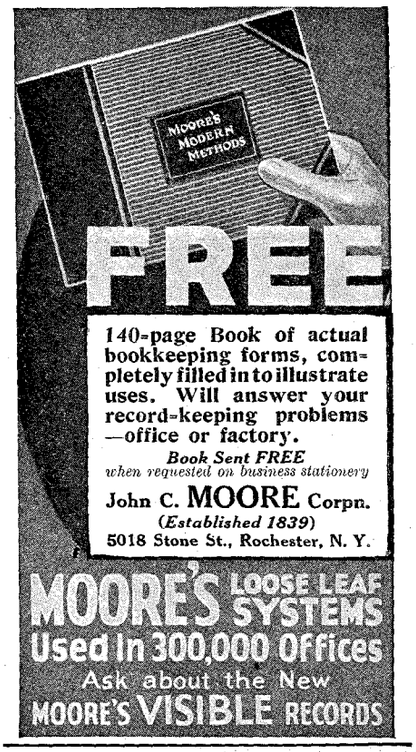
On and on he went, growing more excited every minute. All of a sudden, straight ahead, he saw something new. None of the other engines had mentioned it. Water, nothing but water, as far as he could see—not like the muddy Mississippi, but strange and dark green and beautiful, rolling and thundering and splashing with a roar far louder than his own.

"Stop! stop!" cried the engine. "I will drown. Maybe this is the way you get wrecked. Stop!"

But the engineer put on the brakes and the engine stood still, panting and wondering.

"All the way through to the Pacific without changing engines!" he heard the engineer and the fireman say, proudly. Then he understood. He had crossed the continent to the ocean. Because he was young and strong and new, he had stood the test trip.

And when he got back to the yard he was the most traveled engine there. For he alone had seen the Pacific Ocean.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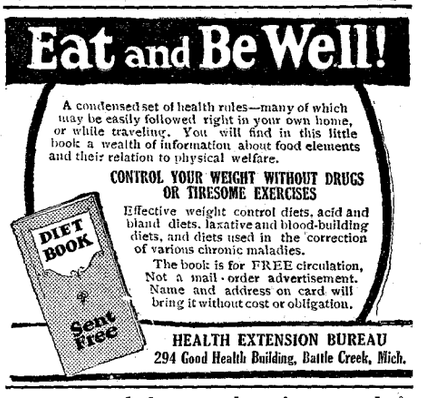
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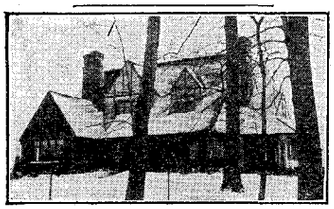

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The Asheville Convention

(*Continued from page 543*)

but it was a conference of those States with the three that would have seceded but for untoward circumstances. It was not strictly a conference of churchmen, but nearly so. Three bishops of the Southern Methodist Church participated —Cannon, Du Bose, Mouzon. If the last named has been less quoted in the newspapers than the other two, it is not because of any lack of ability. He is the ablest of the lot. But he has a reputation among newspaper men of "back-firing."

An eminent Baptist minister presided. Dr. E. Y. Mullins, President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and probably the outstanding Baptist of the world, was absent because ill. He sent a letter which amounted to the key-note speech of the Conference. The Presbyterians were prominently represented and the other Protestant denominations less so. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League played a prominent part. The Junior Order of United American Mechanics, a one hundred per cent American fraternal organization, was represented. There was no evidence of Ku Klux participation, though I suppose it is impossible that all Kluxers were absent.

Except those to whom credentials were issued, nobody knows exactly what the Conference did. The business meetings were held behind closed doors. The necessity for that did not appear. Bishop Cannon said that it was meant to be a conference in the strict sense of that term, not a public meeting. What purported to be full reports were given to the press.

We were not wholly ignorant of what was going on, however, even before the official reports were made. Once, for instance, there came to us this morsel of information: "They are debating a motion to include an article from The Outlook in the platform. But they are going to turn it down because, while they say it accurately represents the attitude of the South, it isn't sufficiently against Smith."

When we got the platform—if that is the name of it—we had a three-column single-spaced denunciation of Alfred E. Smith, his wetness, his affiliations, and his political methods.

In some ways, the Asheville declaration was a better-written document than the Houston platform. On the whole, the speeches were better here. There were some indiscretions, but nobody was guilty of the promiscuous adjectivity which Bowers displayed at Houston. There were a few rabble-rousing sentences which laid Bower's best in the shade. I cannot forbear quoting two of them.

Chairman Barton: "The party is delivered, bag and baggage, into the teeth and claws of Tammany, red with the blood of all Democratic nominees."

Bishop Mouzon: "This is no mere threat to prohibition. It is the uprise of the lawless elements in the great cities against American civilization. We may be at the beginning of the downfall of American democracy."

So much for the Conference and the declaration. What of the campaign?

I do not think that it is to be waged from the pulpit, exactly, but I do think that it is to be waged mainly from the ministerial office, or from a point very close to it. There is to be a Central Committee and State committees of two each, none of them publicly announced as this is written a few hours after the close of the Conference.

Undoubtedly, effort will be put forth to win votes for Hoover. The Conference labeled Mr. Hoover with the words of Dr. Mullins: "The world citizen; the great humanitarian; the great organizer; the man of world vision; the man nominated by the people, not by the politicians; the man whose personal habits, conscientious convictions, and political creed on prohibition are in harmony with his platform and on the right side." A conferee started something of a demonstration when, paraphrasing a revival hymn, he declared, "He was good enough for Wilson—he's good enough for me." The Conference really felt itself at harmony with Hoover.

But the main effort will be not so much to make converts to Hoover as to prevent backsliding to Smith. The leaders of the Conference believed that as sentiment in the South exists today Hoover is the winner, at least in several of the States, and close to it in all. They declared that all they have to fear is the intimidation of voters by threats of ostracism, by the raising of the Negro bugaboo, and by other methods of coercion.

The task, then, of the organization formed at Asheville is to prevent the Democratic Party lash from falling on the bare backs of those who recently have discarded the mantle.

I shall think it exceedingly strange if this organization, made up largely of men who have scourged Congress and the legislatures, cannot itself wield a lash in this campaign. There was read from the platform, by a conferee from Texas, the Federal statute which creates the felony of conspiracy to deprive citizens of civic rights, and the decision of the Supreme Court declaring the right to vote without coercion a right protected by the statute. The penalty is a fine of not more than $5,000, imprisonment for not more than ten years, and ineligibility to hold public office. The Asheville organization will, undoubtedly, undertake to see that this statute is enforced; and it will make that fact plain long before election in all of the communities that it reaches.

Preachers, I decided long ago, are the most practical of all practical politicians when once they take chips in the game.

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